

Indiscernible



By Shomit Sirohi

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Ilaan is walking with a paper and pen and writing on a balcony ground floor in Paris, Brooklyn in New York and sometimes in Delhi, or even Madrid. Havana was the past with Lorca.

“Le Miserable the whole novel

I was young,  
Crime is around,  
Where do I go,  
He walks up to me,  
I ditch him,  
Another revolter hears,  
He is there,  
And honest.  
But truly young. Divine this.”

In fact then in 1967 - 1972 the Cultural Revolution is happening in China and France, Paris. I am there, I am in fact a young man, Ilaan with Belano and Lima there as well. In class in ballet then we are alight, and in fact there is a Paulinian sermon which we are attending in Choir, and the Jansenists are still among us, Goldmann

and the lot which is a conversation we are having while pushing and shoving in the demonstration which has eyeglasses he is on. I capture this then as the process of writing I am doing in the room, as music bursts out and the light is rainy cloudy mornings. In fact then the process is in fact pinning the newspapers in the table and writing more in fact that it is about Mao Zedong and Trotsky with Paul of course and Zera falls in love in Iran, she calls on the phone. I am also in Shanghai and we are busy in the demonstrations. We are then today in the 2020s in India, it is recent news, we have moved into a house near each other and are listening to the radio together. We are dancing in opposite buildings with Arini which is a long past we are united on. We are all jiving and even applying the mind as Soviet Union argues for - infinite dances, sex and Buddhist metaphysics capturing is in one side, the ass being shaken and the women being ass shaking even black women joining. The masses are insurrectional even today. I am in piano class in Tel Aviv and we are all moved by Ilaan they say. We are busy in fact getting around the city which then is the process of writing in the room, music bursting forth and a lot of Chinese red papers being distributed in the street. In India as well, they were ready for the heavens. I am busy then in Paris and in Delhi, even visiting China and all of this then is history - only the rain which then is a process which is experienced in the morning and in fact there are people on the street in the morning and during the night and late at night in fact there is an active sequence of what is bursting out in old and outworn and in fact linen red flags of Communist linen which then is how to prepare for the direct class confrontation. I am then in China and in Shanghai where the process is determined by the masses - all of this then is also such images in colour.

I get up, and change my clothes, I am also running out of the room and balcony. I am downstairs, and in fact the second movement of the fourth Werkmeister is running late. I am late for the revolution. And days pass by, which then is a movement of days.

Paul then is a simple structure, just a formal Christian argument - it follows that he is in fact the production of a truth at each point. He moves the person, to believe in the fundamental meaning of the Gospel or even epistle he is always reasoning and speculating on the possible failures of the life of a man even in his educated life he felt that grace is something we are all about when we are into educated life, or even divine life, which then is the same thing, if seen from the one side, and the other side of the thin ideas of women from the standpoint of Ilaan, perhaps - that crossing is Christ.

#### Scene I - Movements of Women with Ilaan

Here argue for a lot of movements and drifts, even Islamic women like Zera and Aliyana and even Iliya are drifting and walking around Ilaan in his room at times, sometimes on the street and on a road curve, always waiting in poetic manners. Today you would find them opposite as Paul argues, each other, reverses, faithful these are Ilaan's arguments - he means the religion is also fundamentally about the Biblical pact, that we share and that in fact it is fidelity. All that matters.

#### Scene II - Women in Burqas called Blackness

In fact then why not be black Paul argues, and in fact experience its history of exploitation, injustice, but also grace offers a new life. Just that Torah simplicity, that we give gestures of happiness and solidarity to each other, brother, sister.

#### Scene III - Movements again but now in Different Houses - Why does it take so long, sex - is it sin?

I mean then women assert they want to have sex with Ilaan and he is busy praising their paradise in his life, which he once argued he was not adequate to say to. This hesitation then makes him a Prophet - that he realises the meaning of a woman - and is about philosophy - that they can be harmed then is his eye on the painting, and their behaviour. Tehzeeb then is a fundamental gesture. He is in fact a revolter.

#### Scene IV - Vignettes (Part I) of Cultural Revolution with Part of the Last page on Faith

In fact now we introduce the scenes of cultural revolution in China, and Paris, but also then in India and presently again in India mainly which is joined by Communists around the world - the drama is about sex and philosophy again but this time with Ilaan alone and only him.

We mean the masses are liberated, and women are learning Cultural Revolution from Ilaan, that old argument is back.

#### Scene V - Cordoba Evenings - A Fundamental Union of Man and Woman - The Real Issue in this Novel

In fact in Cordoba, Argentina a woman who was stylish got into a car with Hallen who was there to pick her up and was wearing her skirt and shirt combination - I say shirt not t-shirt. Which then becomes their style and is just an art.

## Scene VI - Philosophy - Tricks

In fact then many tricks and perception tricks and Dai Chi, even Diu Tang and Dai ma chi at all times

Buddhist metaphysics that in fact one can cover this above as theatrical curation -

- I. Masses on stage.
- II. Cut-style recent flags.
- III. Feminist mass participate.
- IV. Sex with Ilaan.
- V. Dialectical unity with hundred women and a few men - Alain and Alennete.

In theatre and Buddhist metaphysics of modal perspective only then it is covered as -

- I. Overdetermined Stage Directed Mess of in fact Process developing (Philosophy)

In a process beginning from 1892, then

I was then a young Ilaan, and Arab was Prophet

I was in a European spring, which remains in the 1948 - 52 period as in fact a

Jansenist 1780s

Which then is tragic vision in the 1780s,

But that then is Lucien Goldmann, that profound character of what becomes,

A history of Pirenne in fact long distance trade,

Which is then a poem of women in colonialism

And I am in that period as well,

I am sexual we are sexually having,

- II. Theatrical Interpretation of Groups on Stage in complex Shakespeare organon

In the 2004 - recently, I am busy in fact in an arc with the 1892 period nonetheless where we are in fact indiscernible which means that there is now a process of that kind in cuts through this novel in Buddhist metaphysics. I am in ballet class and then in theatre class, and also finally in a pub and this then is insurrection I am covering in the avant-gardes which then is also the process of learning life and cooking in utensils which then have sex later with its ideas of Haleem. That divine sex which then is all we do. I am in the infinite process of Godel's incompleteness theorem I feel, the process is incomplete and that then is sex and the process of Buddhism which covers the process of me and another woman going on each other which then has several rotating characters which are then entering and exiting.

I am then in the recent years basically having sex again. Indian revolts are masses and masses make history.

Construction from 1892 - recently how I meant in its Light to cover all the aspects of this Work  
By Shomit Sirohi

In fact the process of my life begins in the 20<sup>th</sup> century failure of Soviet Union and that is how I go back to Marx. As Alain jokes with Alennete how he is in Marx's period even today - he argues that is where we will always be - we are closest always to Marx, that European Spring which is the 1840s in fact which he wants to call the virtual which is the history throughout - that is how he is a capitalist reading of England as colonial genius. In fact in the 1850s he means in fact in that period.

I was then in fact walking in the recent period and drinking tea and smoking cigarettes, I am still with Marx, and insurrectional - I mean that this Buddhist metaphysics and the whole construction belongs to that period and that is my insurrection - Paris Commune of course but also the European Spring.

People ask me where are we always - with Marx. As In Delhi I am covering the book shops and walking today in April, 2023, and covering the deep Marxist margins of Asiatic modes of production and in that period then

again I am – antiquity of course, of the Graeco-Roman period, another masterpiece by Sirohi, Alain exclaims – that we are with Marx's writings on the Iroquis even today. He makes films on the Iroquis, as history, that is his point on the whole masterpiece of cinema here.

April 14<sup>th</sup>, 1894 – Zachariah the Detective

In fact filing letters on insurrectionists, Arab falls in love with Lesiah.

Paul's letter in the 40 AD period

Psalm derived in epistle –

Gospel preaches as Sirohi is arguing – that we dance through history – this is my philosophical work of the beginnings of colonial period – love life and love preaching.

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Read as

I. Structural Changes, sweeping histories of even wheels of commerce, ship inventions and forms of complex changes which are labouring worlds and finally Pirennes cities and medieval cities

II Dynamics of Trade – forming a financial cycle in banking histories, promissaries and finally financial transactions in the world market based on the wonderful metaphor abstract law of value which works through the structures but is also in fact based on a long ecological deep structure called cities and capitalism per unique country

III Structures of Agrarian Life and Everyday Life as well  
Magisterial Construction I  
By Shomit Sirohi

I was then in the walking of agrarian history and it requires a painter's eye that Pissarro everywhere.

Conclusion – Read this as structuring the painterly view of the history of structural transformations which remains a lived phenomenological event – a monarchist defeated by the French protesters one day he means – is history just this lived event or is it about structures and structures abounding in this work – the question goes to Health and Cornel West with Sirohi – that we live in fact as Badiou argues in objective phenomenology this way which means finally for Annales school just a find a happy find called a Pythagorean habit in French philosophy – that all of this was at once called Greek Trychomanen vessel science – that was the history of Greek ships which compare according to Rodney to large canoes in the underdeveloped world – then commences power politics and race dynamics which are though only structural – are they – we call it the need for what Wallerstein calls race as identity politics – to free this history.

Introduction

Be a painter in the eye – and witness all of this as cinematic flows and developments like Terrance Mallick and also the films recently coming out – I mean that. It is not all phenomenological but I mean structural changes – with this small detail I add – free ships in the 18<sup>th</sup> century making it to maritime trade – a period of absolutism in Europe called – Louis V. Which means from absolutism to democratic bourgeois capitalism is finally the formalism and typologies of complex and myriad configurations of modes of production which form patterns of a world market of in fact the whole history as changes in what is actually Marx's argument called structural capitalism he studies as immanent mathematical presentation.

This is an exercise in describing more history – Annales thanks Ilaan.

Part II - Notation on Mathematics – the process now is Transferred to Magisterial Construction – Part 20

Scene IV - Vignettes (Part I) of Cultural Revolution with Part of the Last page on Faith

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## Scene VI - Philosophy - Tricks

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### I. Demographic Aspects of the Transformation in the Long History of Maritime Trade

In the long history of maritime trade there are forms of free ships which travel across what seems like the New World which then is also in fact forms of exchange which develop in diverse points of connection which then mediates the process of shipping, merchant trade and even forms of agrarian populations which then are labouring across the world in what seems like labouring in the structure of forms of latifundia first and then plantations which then house a race factor which then is a structure in the world transformation of labour towards these days which is still American financial hegemony developing out of the structure of world trade in unequal forms of exchange which then is finally a process of international financial trade which is the historical phases from Europe to America as a transition which then is also long histories from the Greek process as a limited monetarism which though created a race factor within its structure and has developments into the 15<sup>th</sup> century as a long duree.

I mean capitalism commences in the 15<sup>th</sup> century which then has origins in the Greek period of simple coinage and money which then is symbolic values of lighter weights and heavy weights which then is free labour which is exploited in trade in captives and organised labour of a race type which then is called the formal argument of the whole process in the departure of Europe and then American finance from the history of dependencies in the peripheral processes of that marginal trade in Greece which began the whole cycle of developments to Genoa which then becomes British empires and finally shifts to America.

My thesis is that all of this is the history of money, monetarism and trade which becomes financial cycles based on unequal exchange with the formal empire and informal empire as the process of British and Spanish conquest which then is in fact the process also of Portuguese conquest which then produces the process of an unequal trade which formalises then as American transitions to financial type commercial enterprises which finally wins its independence and also has an endogamous large shift to capitalism as international finance which merges with the transition in the world to American trading - which then is financialisation.

From the margins of Greece then to Europe in merchant forms to finally British empires and then an inter-state system which disbands to American primacy which is a economic confluence of the history of American financial transactions and companies and therefore capital which is finally international financialisation and even companies as finally multinational companies.

### II. Mediterranean and Maritime Importance

In fact all of this is maritime trade which connects the world in forms of trade in fact in agriculture and labouring histories which is also Pelopponesian conquest in the Greek phase of imperialism in fact which then leads to the long scope changes to American in fact histories of what becomes also international structures and deep structures in this process which are in fact financial institutions like EU and World Bank as empirical instances with in fact actually structures of labour and labouring and agrarian deep structures, even states and governments and a number of such companies and capitals all together becoming capitalist structures which are international financial structures - I call all of this the institutional nexuses of deep structures.

My point here is simple connected maritime trade innocence of just trading and perhaps exploitation of race dynamics then becomes Greece which becomes in a long duree the history of formations of institutions and deep structures and even patterns which are labouring worlds which eventually become a ecological deep structure as well.

I mean the importance of the Mediterranean and coasts. This is the first geographic importance of ecological deep structures which includes the Aegean in Greece.- to give connected maritime trade and later free ship trade and commerce on agriculture its ecological deep structure.

### III. From agriculture to in fact long durees of structural transformations - labour also in industrial manufacturing which completes the whole picture and adds a development of financialisation around other developments of all types and company types - a complex structural change - Classifying in my formalism

Maritime Trade	Commerce and Conquest - what is called colonial structure which is actually the process of formation of capitalism and forms of capital in now companies and even structures forming	Financial Trade in financial agreements across the American and European world with parts of third world and dependent countries especially India	Deep structures and institutional forms and structures including all structures in fact
Race demographics	Expansions of labouring forms including industrial belts and such forms	Race remaining an identical to be liberated from its history which is a political phenomenology of events.	Structural changes
Connections of agrarian labour and merchant capitalism - commercial histories of Mediterranean and coastal and domestic trade in each historical format	Processes of agrarian labour and dominance of rural countryside agricultural formalisms of all types of commodities and including vinegar and olives as history which is typical of all places which require commercial exchange mediations today	Processes of labour - working class and agricultural labour as world-cycle of protests including wage-structures	15 <sup>th</sup> century as a long duree with a special argument from Sirohi, today's Hegel - that one can arc in forms of sketches the whole history as theoretical exercise - one sketch is Mediterranean health programs with Cornel West which then sketches public health structures as low arguments and other sketches of agrarian dominance of aristocracies which turns feudal formalist and many sketches of Absolutist monarchists.

## Conclusion -

I ask for a painterly image of history - long durees. I mean all of this is a first geographic and ecological structure which develops a historical institutional structure called supra-individual but also concrete deep structures and then labouring structures which unite to form the world market and the abstract law of value which follows technology today as flying past Latin America, Arab and perhaps African worlds to make connected histories of finance in mainly America and Europe, also Argentina alot and also developing India. China is also in this picture as developing but more manufacturing and agrarian.

Forms of developments of institutions are then also by this logic - the world of capitalism, commodities and circulation axes and production processes which are the worlds of investments or financial histories which though is also labouring structures which all amounts to governments and state systems which finally means an argument is finally also in this whole process -

15<sup>th</sup> century to the present with a history in Graeco-Roman empires which becomes a long duree of financial trade.

I mean promissaries, banks and such institutions are also in the midst of transactions – but it all runs – in Wallerstein's argument for me – as international structures of financial trade.

Part III – Perhaps we cannot number parts – there is a part listed now in parts –

- I. Part about Economics and Marx
- II. Part about Spandrels
- III. Part about vignettes and cinema – fundamental part
- IV. Part about smaller things like sex and indiscernible
- V. A number of parts then – call it worlds but in parts.

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Greek Metaphysics and Buddhism

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- I. A woman I met in a discotheque in France, Paris, 1892, and then again by Paul's grace in 1999, and finally a black woman in 2024 all of this is poems in Buddhism, and St. Paul, re-argued with a plan of the novel in three corresponding departments – Jazz roads, and Spanish Roads and finally Hugo-ist Constructions

In fact the plan of this novel was posited by Ilaan to Belano and Lima, that in fact it develops the lighter aspects of the whole arc of this fine balance or even perennial poem in the sense of a plan of long sketches of roads which then have histories and Paul went to Damascus the Church and prayed a petition of the epistle which is then the Greek Bible freed into eternal artworks. I meant also that epistle develops the following poems.

In Damascus, I pled a resurrection then means that Paul was in fact an apostle of Christ which mediates the law in Rome and attacks it with the force of People which becomes then in modern contexts the Cuban revolution with a arc to Soviet revolution and insurrection in Marx, and then Trotsky – and then of course, Mao which then develops a Cultural Revolution whose cinema was also in Paris, 1968 which produces a syntax of philosophers – Alain and Alenette which is dominant in my mind when I was training for the position of a philosopher which then develops a Israel in liberation praxis recently. I call this my theological Marxism – I mean that this is what I mean by –

Faubourg St. Denis – (Buddhist metaphysics in the colour Pink-Red and True by a film maker on the catching of a moment in electronica)

The development of this poem then is also epistle that we are dancing and a young Ilaan is also there in the process of a discotheque – Hallene is also an Idea which means – black rights has won this is the pinkish-redish virtual of Faubourg – which then is also catching the moment in movements which develop the next bluish virtual moment of catching the moment again in raised arms in a Y-top which is with a trouser and other women joining this as Rosa is alive, and so is Alexandra and this then is Soviet period dying and living in grace as Incontinence in Paul which speculates on the fortunate people who met the young Ilaan which then develops a speculation again –

Italy, Vatican in Rome – (Buddhist metaphysics applied on the technique called long poem to derive the Greek metaphysics)

In fact the Greek Bible then is in the Graeco-Roman Bible which develops history but with a swing and dance and even political format which is then -

Hippias with Illystreas and Hallene is free - the process of women in catching the metaphysics which is all over the Paharganj section of Delhi which is where creative rap produces a moment of in fact Achillean phalanx.

## II. Forms of French Poems and Spanish Poems in the Greek Metaphysics - Economic Manuscripts of the wife of Varoungas which develops in my source for current economic psychoanalysis instead

In fact the daughter of Varoungas is then merging with the Indian and French women today with black women, and they are in fact developing a bond for Ilaan - the economic manuscripts being followed cover the whole process for one in the following Sovietised literary and existential sketch of poems in fact -

The economic constraint on flats and skirts and tops with Y-necks or even formal indiscernible X-rate behaviour of panties and bras spending itself in incontinence then is a process which is called Greek logic which has the following formats of life in Delhi, India as Wuthering Heights is sung in American praise of colonial lives which are freed.

Y- meter - which then is the process of hands and ya.

Y - meter three - the movement of three steps in simple skirt and trouser combined with formal simple shirts and such indiscernible beauty which then is also Hallen which means also Angelia and Soana which produces the movement of bodies in pure flight.

Articulating this to K-Kabbalah then means Jewish women who are complex and wearing the theological long skirt and top mixed and coloured in Jewish redness and violent white happiness - which then is a certain virtual of Lavender Haze among the women of singing type.

All of this develops an arc of what I was calling my more complex arc - here in letters instead - the linguistic topos of Logica del Mundo which corresponds to political arcs which then is the sub-arcs which are letters in fact.

### Part VII - X-Rate as in fact a Economic Behaviour of a Woman

Paul intervenes and allows them to be free, that there is nothing in this behaviour. We call this a Paulinian apostle - Ilaan that he is busy smoking a cigarette and walking in a suit.

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## III. Arcs in the Novel and Sub-Arcs and their Buddhist and Christian order and plan

Spanish poetry - from Skating Rink, to Lorcanismo, and even forms of skits on the simple formal logic of revolutionary and despairing Lorca and poetic Lorcanismo which then transforms into the following order merged with Hugo - the larger construction of the plan within which is Lorcanismo

### I. Form and Content in a Magesterial Construction corresponding to Hugo which is each step as process in a totality of Paulinian rights for all.



- II. Complex roads in Jazz syntax of America and Latin America which then is the simple Lorcanismo transformed to modern poetry of Madrid Spanish.

Developing the whole poem then in Buddhist modal perspective and even perception of Israel type in Buddhist Dai Chi or Ti Ma and Ya Ming processes -

### III. Part about the Religion

In fact the 1<sup>st</sup>, April, 1891 was about the religion in the Arab context and the Prophetic religion in fact, when there was rain felt in Paris, May 1988 which was also the religion, which was also recently in Delhi in fact a perfect morning in the line of Trappean monastic behaviour which is the inspiration, the process depicted as in the following dates of a history which is cinema and Buddhist metaphysics to capture its theatrical direction as - stage with several types of juxtaposition in the modern biographical detail of Thebes and Lystrean straits and water as ritual with bread as the group ensemble of also poetic development of a process (philosophy).

- I. Will we live forever, is the Psalm in fact Epistle derived - that Inspiration and Grace is then also and in fact "The Gods of us, are fallen people, we are ready to live, as given in Psalm, as Hebrew in Israel, which is language."

Paul then remarks in the tain of a mirror where he is a faint image of Buddhist glance and surreal groups of numbers perhaps as simple re-developed painting as paint which is Greek Bible as well in re-birth which is organised and religious.

I mean then that we are in a juxtaposition and montage art here. I now argue that the Paulinian argument of the Trappean monks then is to argue for the pure meaning of Paul of course, perhaps St. Pascal, which then is about this poem. I was walking in a small measure in Tel Aviv a man argued and read a book of Psalms which is Biblical which references a map of Jerusalem, which articulates the roads to Christi's life which then means in a small process, that the book is freedom. We find a Gospel here in this simple format and this then is the work's apotheosis already - all its themes are available as literary process with race and radical Buddhist colour as well as Torah clothing.

- I. April, the month of a summer wind which then is Psalm with seasons which is simple ecological life which is better in hills but actually a movement of heat which becomes then summer which is passed in happiness, that is all.
- II. We will walk the path in casual manner, and be informal and talk instead about love and power of the people - Coriolanus as derived and Buddhism for a new film in fact on this subject matter -

Scenes in theatre which is cinematic Trotskyism -

- I. Scenes of theatre as in fact people walking free and casual, in casual clothing and fine habits of ethics, Hallene and Angelica are now part of this and no longer mentioned.

Paul argues this is now from religion and inspiration to in fact daily life, in fact Incontinence in the sense of daily casual life which commences then to the process of liberation as epistle counted.

As speculative Christian he means that the psalm now derives another epistle "I love you absolutely, and and as such and as whatever, whatever singularity." This translates to for the Vatican "that I may then love thy neighbour, what a Slaveji said to a attacker, that is insights for Paul, that we were being attacked."

- II. Now God is on us fallen people, like the evening light which then makes it to night, now we are free.

In fact we are fallen, and this produces St. Pascal - that tragic vision, that we will be enlightened to know that we live among the Kingdom but also as here and now, in real fact of real decisions - lived experience its importance to live by the Bible and Torah, I add Quran.

### III. Paul's meaning for us today

The news contextualised to Bible then reads -

In fact Ilaan in the novel context graces us with the following structure of Paulinian advice

- I. Live well and follow science as grace.
- II. Be incontinent, that then speculates.
- III. Why is he in Vatican, when I am in hills.
- IV. Assist the Pope to be free, we are free. Inara.

In the process of reading I chanced upon a remark by Slavei that in fact there is a man named Lucien Goldmann who in philosophy and sociology once wrote a study of the Jansenists – the basic remark being Kantianism depicts in fact a tragic class of the Noblesse de Rouge which is not making it to wealth and the grandeur of even American Idealism, fitting black power today, which then in the past was women and sexual rights protests which dramatize today Ilaan in this novel which means a Christ-figure which promotes then the declining vision of also Borges and his noble life and this produces the grandeur as failing and not part of the poor, the middle-class and upper class joined which then is a scarcity of people to practice Jansenism then in two dialectical sections of Goldmann's work on Racine, the tragic young poet and Pascal, the theological philosopher and St. Pascal of course, of Pensee. Blaise as a recent script and transcription calls his infinity as the name. Pronounced as Blaise.

It means then in a walk I was in fact walking in a court which was in Britain, where the poem meant in fact that I was dreaming, and talking about the problems of society that way. In Jewish senses this is an absolute meaning that begins transpiring in the whole monastic drama. That we are free to live with Pascal. I mean then that in fact that in a certain position on April 18<sup>th</sup>, 1928 there was Trotsky who was walking in Soviet Russia and wandering in trails and then the rain fell upon him. I then also mean 1790 before the French revolution there was Pascal's dying which recorded his Pensees before. It was this that was actually –

St. Pascal – Ideen – section 24 with Goldmann on Racine's tragedies and Pascal's Pensee read together for the Bible also Quran of Ilaan, and Christ-figure among us in real fact.

In the process of walking one realizes that in fact the Jewish map of Jerusalem was also Bethlehem and Nazareth and Galilee which then means the Gospel which is also then a Pensee which is read with tragedy – that in fact we are tragic people which though is also Jewish life as free. I mean then as I insurrectionally plead in the Blanqui period I argue that the world is wealth and not this tragic – and that is then Incontinence more in Paul, than Pascal, but then that is all – the comparison between then Andromaque with in fact Pensee produces the synthesis Goldmann calls dialectical unity of biography with world-view which means in fact that the woman dies for a figure of Pensee and this then is also biography of a man which is this man – Ilaan.

He is then a Jansenist poet – that this be read in dialectical unity with the music of Double Virgo and Alif women dance.

There in Cinema

By Shomit Sirohi

Part I – The woman is busy settling her hair and looking into the tain of a mirror where she captures another woman who then is speaking on the phone. She then argues – “Cut across in juxtaposition then, the meaning, the process – a montage, Avant-gardeisme. Something like thesis anti-thesis and synthesis then.”

To produce that work which then is the process in cinema.

- I. Oscar Fate in Mexico, and Tadana in Thailand – Conversations between Friends and Enemies, - what was the part played by the Critics – afterall – what is Belano's point to Ilaan, why are they walking around like Nomads, who are with Lima – that simple point Borges was making – that in fact there is a number of plots in the main arc of Delicate Sound of 1971

In fact there is a process of Tadana who is working among the people, in Mexico as a joke on the peasant jacqueries of its long history – he is busy holding papers in his bag and suitcase and walking around Santa Teresa and even making fun of Oscar Fate from Brazil and even processes of the whole meaning of history being a detective who is busy smoking, the true hero who is now in Chile which means he has won.

In a process close to Buddhism then there is the commencement of a process which then records the woman and man in juxtaposition again, the unity of two aspects – the poem and its dramaturgy and it is also a cinematic set of Buddhist moves – like modal perspectives which develop a process. I argue in the sense of my philosophical system – Develop a process, but with Buddhist metaphysics.

- I. Overdetermined stage directed mess

I am then in a room,

She is in a room,

We are in the lesser clothes section of life,

And all in fact in happiness,

We felt the night,

It was inspiring,  
I was a jazz poet,  
I lived that life,  
I was with her,  
In Rockland, where you are  
Madder than I am,  
I thank you.

Detour through the Novel

Communism - the Essential Argument of Science and Revolts

Buddhist metaphysics theatrical stage directions in complex format - Organise this ensemble-praxis

I. Cultural Revolution today

I am in Turkish bath,  
Women bathing together,  
All freshly happy -  
With Sex,  
Fuck off,  
Ilaan has won,

Indiscernible - the film

Greek metaphysics -

Part Two: Film Theory as Construction Principle of this Work and Exploration of Mathematicity and Poetry

I. The Line Adjacent to 24 frames

When the appearance of a man or a situation exists, there is a constellation written into his movement, his acting, his beard, or his hair. He is wearing a suit, and is upset, or is expecting a meeting, or is waiting in a cafe, to be free of all the fights and trouble. I call this turbulence.

II. The Complex Lines As Movement in 24 frames

Then the man meets a woman, and with this the Quran, Bible and Torah, even all Kabbalahs, come together in an encounter. I call this destiny. In film theory, I mean here distance, reduction and topo-logy, for the expression of a plane space or empty screen, and its painting which is aligned or moves in a flow, which I call his style, her sexuality, or her appearance.

### III. The Whitehead Conjecture on Cinema 24 Frames and Angles, Shots, Even then Reality and Acting, a Few Theatrical Movements

I then proceed to linking several stories, I add an element of human sharing, I align the camera, and I also see reality, I also see movement and static frames, I see a man who is proceeding, a woman he meets, there is sex, love and infinity. What is the nature of infinity, it is I claim described here, a term like existence.

Breton argues looser and more unconscious forms.

Sharone is then in the process of working on her looks and is finally wearing a shirt, a formal shirt and really long with her black skirt with Hallene also wearing the formal shirt and skirt.

I now argue that history is a long process of exploring divinity that there is a lot of structures of in fact the process of Biblical stories of divinity which then is Buddhist as well.

I was in fact arguing for the Greek Bible.

Here I reconstruct its arguments of lived experience.

Buddhism here - complex vignettes and perception-cinema with Breton's loose arguments of walking freely, just that was surrealism.

Greek swing, Greek ballet swing type, structural linguistics employed -

Working out the sex, work it.

Styles of education - fuck you, that arrogance.

Ilaan - that Prophet - Messianic.

Just the divine then, Homer and Vigil

Processes of reconstructions of French culture in 19th century till again today -

I am hot, fuck off, I want to fuck that guy who is then a man for me.

I am that hot, now Greek Bible - is that you.

I am killed, he helped - like a divine guy.

Themes and variations.

Spanish culture.

Lorca loves that guy.

He is a true man.

I am now in sin,

because I am a model,

Fuck, he made me hot,

Fuck, I am that hot,

For him.

Por sequero.

The form of things,

That I am,

Just an insurrection,  
Red Flag hoisting,  
Cut style,  
Firaqi.

II. Paris Commune

Rioting and fused participation.

III. Forms of failure, class struggles in France

The whole future as past, Marx's dialectical arguments.

IV. Marx our poet

Trotskyists are walking around and reading poetry.

V. Ballet

The fundamental arguments of birds and life circling le deux.

VI. Logica

Buddhist poetry - perception, you see that.

VII. Logica Del Mundo

Buddhism - vignettes.

Detours through Argentina

Lexicon - Languages with Ilaan

I. A , Aa, Hebrew, Alif - That's shouting in sex

II. Lists of inflections

III. Styles of Greek Bible  
Indiscernible - the film

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- |      |                  |
|------|------------------|
| IV.  | Quantismo        |
| V.   | Phisica          |
| VI.  | Gropa            |
| VII. | El sexual cuerpo |

Interlude - A Intermezzo and Calle Structure in Greece in the Athenian period perhaps

Develop this in Buddhist capturing of a staff of music - perception and its sexual I Ching and Ti Lo, Iniya, Iliya from Quran

Capture this again - difference and repetition

Staff notation now this time.

Part I - Unfolding the Fold, in Baroque Constructions of Spanish and French Culture

- I. Claire - an Idea
  - A. Mathematics and the Procession of Protests in European Springs
- II. Hallene - a Pure Idea and Magesterial Construction of a Painting in Greek senses
  - B. Buddhist monastic laws - that we are creative, I Ching and its simple images which are perceptions, which means in fact - what we perceive is then a law
  - C. Breton's loose arguments
- III. Small Detective Work in the Tradition of Philosophical Speculation
  - D. Bolano's Nadja - a Madrid and even Latin American, Latin Quarters
- IV. 1892, an Insurrection in Paris, France
  - E. Surreal techniques of imagery - loose women, and one Man
- V. Musical Idea - that there can be a pianist with St. Pascal's Percussion Church Spiritual Jansenism
  - A. Movements of Jazz, what is actually a process in piano and saxophone
  - B. Creative rap process
  - C. Buddhist love for rock and the Quranic sex of swimming pools
- VI. 1781 - Jansenist with Lucien Goldmann - Reconstructions at work in the Pope's Today's Office
  - A. Jansenism is then reconstructions - a whole which is dialectical accidentally the walk is a wager, towards the simple things about Providence - that then is refuted into music, and Psalm, which is

Racine's tragedies – a number of sociological arguments – that we can be closest to that divine process called tragedy – which though is Pascal's meaning – tragedy is then changed by luck, sheer luck – Women are diving into the water, what luck.

- B. I mean a Pensee is now to be listed with Languages
- C. In the 18<sup>th</sup> century language is a divine problem
- D. Mathematics is rare
- E. It is lived as 'la problema de la vida, que es la existencialismo, simple fácilmente la casa, biblioteca y una chico, con chicas, que están en amour' this becomes epistle – the simple luck – that in fact Epistle is translated – that in fact the poem is cinematic, just a simple Nominal Bible of cycling.

#### VII. 19<sup>th</sup> century Novels – Le Miserable Volumes being Divined in Marxist spandrels

- A. Le Miserable
- B. Le Antique
- C. Le Femme
- D. Le Homme
- E. Le Sexualitie
- F. Le Resurrectione
- G. Italianos

#### The Spanish response

- A. Lautremaunt
- B. Lorca
- C. Sela
- D. Firani
- E. Peso
- F. La dice, Mayateli
- G. Valadet

#### Indiscernible - the film

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#### Part Two: Film Theory as Construction Principle of this Work and Exploration of Chao-Plexity

##### I. The Line Adjacent to 24 frames

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##### II. The Complex Lines As Movement in 24 frames

Then the man meets a woman, and with this the Quran, Bible and Torah, even all Kabbalahs, come together in an encounter. I call this destiny. In film theory, I mean here distance, reduction and topo-logy, for the expression of a plane space or empty screen, and its painting which is aligned or moves in a flow, which I call his style, her sexuality, or her appearance.

Here I reconstruct its arguments of lived experience.

Buddhism here - complex vignettes and perception-cinema with Breton's loose arguments of walking freely, just that was surrealism.

Greek swing, Greek ballet swing type, structural linguistics employed -

Working out the sex, work it.

Styles of education - fuck you, that arrogance.

Ilaan - that Prophet - Messianic.

Just the divine then, Homer and Vigil

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Themes and variations.

Spanish culture.

Lorca loves that guy.

He is a true man.

I am now in sin,

because I am a model,

Fuck, he made me hot,

Fuck, I am that hot,

For him.

Por sequero.

Part II - Arches and Forms of Life - the Quranic Pensees

- I. Hyppolitean Greek Housing
- II. Studying the Cathedral - what Ilaan argues in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century travels by structure into the 21<sup>st</sup> century
- III. Working on Paul's Epistle - Spinozan argumentation by Ilaan with Alenette and Alain
- IV. Presentation of Christian and Islamic, even Jewish clothing, and spandrels, architectural reveries.

Part III - Theology, the religion, and its Inspiration which is just Kabbalah

- A. Just the process of history, Parsis are divine
- B. Housing again.



C. Bulletproof.

D. A Study of Torah – the House and Cooking, and Spiritual Life.

#### Last Part – Spanish

A. Spanish Poetry Basics

B. Spanish Language Dialects

C. Spanish lessons on Life

D. Why are we screwed in Spain

E. In Argentina

F. I love you.

G. Spanish kissing customs – a movement on the whole thing called jazz

H. Hebrew version

I. Arabic version

#### Indiscernible – the film

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I. Lorca, y Garcia Juan, Le Diderazi, et Miernaje, Jimenez, y Prona

Lorca en la calle,

Y Garcia en la Roma,

Le maderaz,

Juanemos,

Juegos,

Palabras,

Y violencia,

La wandera.

II. Iniciones, la casa de Meraz

Meraz es en Arabi,

La veo Lorca,

Y la calles,

La delusional

La loca, Lorca,

Y el sexo,

En bathas,

Con la Profe,

Una figura.

Simple language games then which becomes formalism - which then produces a modal perspective in Nagarjuna and Buddhism in the past - which is still the essence of Buddhism - that it is simple to be a Buddhist, though it is also a history of difficult lives which then is what is called Nirvana being a simple thing - like listening to a woman 'ya.' In this process Buddhism develops a process of reflecting on the woman as also a political process which develops in the future of the arc which sets in with a man who is developing Buddhist metaphysics and Rayuelismo and even forms of creative arts which then means a juxtaposition, montage, and several cuts. Angles after angles, a dizzying view of them all, in different colours and green or grey clothing, even black and white skirts and shirts which then is Torah clothing. All of this is then the political process of revolt which has argued later in the process of clear novelistic exercise the jazz cut movement.

Long Poem in Spanish and French - All traditions - with Buddhist Perception Allied to in fact the process of Belano his novels and also Surrealism in Nadja - Breton and Borges in Homer and Vigil - what that meant and even Paul, Pope Corinthian Francis David I, and His son who is busy reading metaphysics in us.

La chica estaba desparacion, le corazon tambien existia pero para que, una revolucinario (Lorca, le meditacion Catalenistas estaba curacion de la novela) tambien una habla que es en le Madrid, la Amara, es tu con la sexo, que es palabras - la infinidad.

In fact then a long poem in the tradition of Allen Ginsberg for black people, cut the cannabis and put it in her hand, I mean then that's what you guys do in Rayuelismo, the black woman is also smoking with you, we love this change from peddling histories in our America, and you are just that man she said, as she walked up to you with her purse.

Le fragmentacion de la novela es tambien el Marxismo - Le Miserable - que es esto, es le infini novel que la reconstruction ahora.

"Le Miserable (1871 edition public print for Marx and Paris Commune in his Context of London)

I was young.

I was young.

I live with a man."

Le Miserable by Ilaan - a poem

I am, yours,

I am always stranded,

Like distraught,

In India,

And in Paris,

Madrid,

Young,

Now miserable,

Alot of talking on the phone,

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Le Miserable - Spanish Poem of all traditions joined to Ilaan and reverse infinity of many woman

La dice amour,

Que es la fidelitie,

La amour.

A number of developing forms in Nagarjuna of prakrit simple Hindi scripture which then becomes a full system of Buddhism and even Buddhist forms of life which then is the modal stance which is simple prakrit ritual life – the forms of developing baths, and even healthcare and meditation, with Buddhist monasteries and forms of travelling which develops the philosophical system as based first on modal stance of the Indian substance – produce a set, after set progress of in fact prakrit life. I was then in fact in conversation in Buddhist metaphysics about lightness in this sense which was like the spiritual affairs of the post office where I went for a political agitation but also for a sense of a woman who was passing by, we then walked in together.

## II. Buddhist System of Spiritual Philosophy

In a principled substance-mode and attribute of a Indian substance there is also a modal perspective in the Buddhist formalism which is about a mediation into a structure as its modal practice which though is more ascetic – and more creative which then is the Tibetan system – a creative substance-mode and attribute system. It means to be the most creative person, Kripke argues, but also with philosophy. I call this the formal structure of a labouring Nagarjuna Hindi creativity, which becomes the Tibetan spiritual philosophy of Dalai Lama and this becomes in turn the underlabourer for Kripke or Quine and Carnap especially as a modal perspective of logic and strong logician behaviour in fact – like a dialectician is a logician so are Kripke, Quine and Carnap – it a then a logical question which though is actually a spiritual question.

## III. Modal Perspective therefore – the modal perspective then applied.

In fact the three labouring, underlabouring and philosophical perspectives then are applied and followed as Satya-Buddhism in fact – the philological exercise of a simple truth in ‘ya’ speaking women which though is Buddhist, in the sense of truth-functions in Wittgenstein as well – a simple language game which then is also a linguistics which goes with Rorty on the linguistic life of Buddhists – simply creative, and then complex and simple utopianism.

I want a lot of script, radio, formats of television, and a background with some projection even Eisenstein would do, with some recent cinema perhaps from Munich.

## II. This overlays into the process of theatre being acted.

Overlayed – in Brecht means like a real development of the play Communist novels which are adapted to idealistic poetic experimentalism with Brecht.

It is just a process of acting out stick figures in experimental fashion.

## III. I see it as Epic when it is episodes about 9 – 12

Like chapters, in a novel which though is fragmented as well – something like a episode on “People walking in militant interventions, art gallery debates, types of demonstrations, surrealism in cinema, types of acting and detective fiction – worlds in other words of intellectual debates on a crime which is Dario Foist about Accidental Death of a Communist – which is then adapted to Three Penny Opera – average lives, average crimes, average wage, average intellectual – insurrections among them.”

Jimachi is then walking with Tadana is Algiers where he is laughing at the revolution taking place again recently. All of this is the fun of the novel. Now the rest derives as 20 page excercises in old histories which we re-enact today according to Dalai Lama.

## II. The House on Fire – Musical Crouching Tiger

In fact Tadana is walking in the metaphysical section of a Buenos Aires house and listening to music and producing a philosophical writing.

He is in fact at one point in one section and at another point in another section, and then walking in the central square of the block B in the roadway and then back home, and all of this is idealistic – that he is dancing in small steps back and forth, which then becomes a number of steps in Buenos Aires where he is crouching and bending and falling in then the next step being staccato developments of in fact his idea of writing on the bed and which then is smoking as well and is in a busy task reading the novel in the sense of crouching tiger traditions in Chinese Shang and Manchu history of theatre, in fact which is lived by Tibetan monks these days in fact which then is earlier a slave history, which produces a movement of Tadana and Jimichi which then is some man who is from the antiquity in India which is then the process of in the room in

Buenos Aires a number of developments of in fact the house being now bluish and Prophetic and even skating rinks could not understand this beauty of music and life.

### III. Housing As a Israel Jewish Detective Fiction which develops the Idea of a House in Torah which is then Ilaan walking around in metaphysics

In fact then Ilaan is busy in his library and listening to music which resonates all through the day and then through the night, he is just playing virtual notes to the Tibetans and producing a resonance which then is producing cinematic clips which is their task - a type of love for the tradition of House Torahnic which means Tia and Terani traditions which is just derived from a love for Music and its theatre - which is simply following a step here and step there in dancing again which though is swing, or complex swing with the Greek Bible which he is smart in Belano's view to call it Hebrew today.

### IV. Hebrew Bible Reading with These Novels and His Cinema

In fact the Hebrew Bible becomes a reading of Isaac or Abraham and such names which are similar to Ilaan's views on a certain Prophet which then is how it comes into Buddhism finally as the process of interpreting life and exegesis as to be enacted - one movement of the difference and repetition of the New Gospels then is to match it to life which then matches which then is to produce an angle on the work - like this work - its angle now is women who are busy in oracular terms walking up and down and pronouncing cinematic things - and then comes the Hebrew life which is at an angle re-interpreted.

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La dice amour,

Que es la fidelitie,

La amour.

Part Twenty - On Communism and Lovers

- Buddhist film narrative perception with Cordoba evenings joined to set theory as organic thinking on Sets -

Set I belongs to Set II if and only if he is a true lover

I. Lorca, y Garcia Juan, Le Diderazi, et Miernaje, Jimenez, y Prona

Lorca en la calle,

Y Garcia en la Roma,

Le maderaz,

Juanemos,

Juegos,

Palabras,

Y violencia,

La wandera.

II. Iniciones, la casa de Meraz

Meraz es en Arabi,

La veo Lorca,

Y la calles,

La delusional

La loca, Lorca,

Y el sexo,

En bathas,

Con la Profe,

Una figura.

All of this then was working in a small house in Korean dhaba where I was smoking and talking to women and men collected there along the road and all the philosophers were meeting me in that spot called a 24x7 which then was the meaning of Buddhist renditions of complex go -games on the Bible.

Nagarjuna meant then that he is a person who reads and reflects – all of this is modal perspective – the fact that we are modally in the structure of a Vihara – that we perceive the process of dialectical change – thesis and anti-thesis which becomes a synthesis – all of this is Brumiare – I add.

I. Meeting the Anarchist rabble, poeble and in fact Brumiare – Joining it finally

In a small spandrel in a notebook, the militant professor Ilaan then is reading the 18<sup>th</sup> Brumiare of Louis Bonaparte, which then is about the anarchist uprisings but also about Communism that in fact wild Blanquism is the answer but in organised formats of mass democracy and direct class confrontation. So in fact the determinate mess of Brumiare developing from 1853 – 57 is then studied by Engels to mean that there is a staff and problems of representation in fact in the sense of philosophical representation of course which is influenced by the process of Brumiare which then are in a lot of these messy brawls over the philosophy of Marx which then produces a contingent twisting story as well framed – imagine the brawl on Marta Hanekar which then is how she was caught in a brawl history which then meant she was – the cause in history being a riot, and its effect on the leader of the riot being her infamy and the health distress being the result.

II. Brumiare and Staff Music – Judging its moments

In fact I judge the moments – in-itself – long process, for-itself within its second half of reading music, philosophy and Hegel and phenomenology of Spirit as in fact the heights of philosopher's health condition which then becomes a set of congealed in-itselfs which produces finally the for-itself – I decided to plot the points this way.

I mean it is veritable fact that a Brumiare is with a cause and effect on philosophers which then is resolved with the Brumiare subsiding – Engels is talking like a gangster 'I think that's it.'

V. Kabbalah which is All the Things to do with a Fruity Branch but here then in Ilena Tai Chi Buddhism – Tadana is busy reflecting on his work – a dictionary of course of Merriam Webster type

In fact under the lamp there is a number of developments of the dictionary which then means at another level how to cross-reference in game patterns called philology perhaps which then is Spanish and such metaphors of in fact a process called he puts out a pencil line on a Buddhist painting he loved – that there is a complex reflection of in fact he is busy acting out the Bible and Kabbalah – it means that one is in one complex synthesis of fused groups and changes to in fact God's negativity then released to spiritual life – which is the best argument and it wins – but is also pushed around and shoved and kicked according to Christian abuse on their irrelevance and then comes the process of Buddhists now Tadana walks with Ilaan into the beach and is stranded.

It means there are many angles to the monumental work I have published in different parts and read in many ways – it is all in one sense history but also Biblical meanings of the present and how I live forever.

Simple language games then which becomes formalism – which then produces a modal perspective in Nagarjuna and Buddhism in the past – which is still the essence of Buddhism – that it is simple to be a Buddhist, though it is also a history of difficult lives which then is what is called Nirvana being a simple thing – like listening to a woman 'ya.'

I. Nagarjuna

A number of developing forms in Nagarjuna of prakrit simple Hindi scripture which then becomes a full system of Buddhism and even Buddhist forms of life which then is the modal stance which is simple prakrit ritual life – the forms of developing baths, and even healthcare and meditation, with Buddhist monasteries and forms of travelling which develops the philosophical system as based first on modal stance of the Indian substance – produce a set, after set progress of in fact prakrit life.

Ilaan is meeting women on a beach – stranded like a poet – all of this brackets as poems of course. The Ilaanichi and Marianateg is then a bunch of poets who do pot and cure their crisis which is then a man Tadana who is practicing metaphysics in his room.

I. A Number of Crimes – In Thailand – Daily Life

In the process of a Thai man who is crouching under his bed, and searching for a small transistor he is then in fact tuning into radio. In fact the man, Tadana is finally a man who is metaphysical in Buddhism. I mean he has met Ilaan finally and talked to his fact of wearing Goa shorts and walking around, dazed and confused but also really certain, objective and brilliant. In fact the tradition of the Batachi, begins with a conversation – some people call this Prophetic. He is busy buying from the bazariya some material. He cooks in the house and even drinks all day, which becomes in the Batachi tradition, a number of medicinal practices.

## II. Ways of Metaphysics, Dalai Lama introduces the Batachi

In fact on radio is Dalai Lama and we are in fact on the subject of metaphysics, that Tadana introduces Ilaan to – he is busy smoking and following a Batachi life in some run down hotel, he is busy being brilliant. Dalai Lama argues, to crouch means to follow the crouching tiger and hidden dragon tale which then is forcing its way to a art film these days, but is more like magical realism. Ilaan is busy loading a gun and following a gun shot of a logic – he means it is just cinematic stuff instead – and that is metaphysics – you get that man. Dalai Lama argues, that Ilaan does not understand in fact Buddhism, it is just a way, and just that way – which is this crouching we began with – and that is all I want to say. Cannot reveal.

## III. In fact the man is busy in a small tradition of tea and drinking Cannabis

Ilaan is now on Yage, and is following the novels. I stopped off here to have my files out. Wouldn't do to go back among the Indians with files I figured. Bill Gains was in town and he has burned down the Republic of Panama from Las Palmas to David on spiritual drugs. Before Gains, Panama was a p.g. town. You could buy four ounces in any drug store. Now the druggists are balky and the Chamber of Deputies was about to pass a special Gains Law when he threw in the towel and went back to Thai hotel living customs. I was getting off junk and he kept nagging me why was I kidding myself once a junkie always a junkie. I

if I quit junk I would become a sloppy lush or go crazy taking cocaine. One night I got lushed and bought some paregoric and he kept saying over and over, 'I knew you'd come home with paregoric. I knew it. You'll be a junkie all the rest of your life' and looking at me with his little cat smile. Junk is a cause with him. I checked into the hospital junk sick and spent four days there. They would only give me three shots of morphine and I couldn't sleep from pain and heat and deprivation besides which there was a case in the same room with me and his friends came and stayed all day and half the night - one of them did in fact stay until midnight. Recall walking by some American women in the corridor who looked like officers' wives. One of them was saying, 'I don't know why but I just can't eat sweets: 'You got diabetes lady,' I said. They all whirled around and gave me an outraged stare.

## IV. I was then on a scooter in Thailand

Working or perception. I went into a cantina and drank aguardiente and played the mountain music on the juke box. There is something archaic in this music strangely familiar, very old and very sad. Decidedly not Spanish in origin, nor is it oriental. Shepherd music played on a bamboo instrument like a panpipe, pre-classic, Etruscan perhaps. I have heard similar music in the mountains of Albania where pre-Greek, Ilyrian racial strains linger. A phylogenetic nostalgia conveyed by this music - Atlantean? I saw working behind the bar what looked at first like an attractive boy of 14 or so (the place was dimly lit owing to a partial power failure). An Indian was sitting at the next table fumbling in his pockets. his fingers numb with alcohol. It took him several minutes to pull out some crumbled bills - what my grandmother. a violent prohibitionist, used to describe as 'dirty money' - he caught my eye and smiled a twisted broken smile. 'What else can I do?'

## V. All the Worlds – Ilaan Meets Belano in a Hotel Lobby

In fact in the part about the Buddhists it is a minimal role, that Sirohi works as maximal in their conversations on Buddhism – that in another world Fidel Castro is busy following Christian sermons and the Buddhists will be a secret – follow the I Ching – follow it.

## II. Modal Perspective therefore – the modal perspective then applied.

In fact the three labouring, underlabouring and philosophical perspectives then are applied and followed as Satya-Buddhism in fact – the philological exercise of a simple truth in 'ya' speaking women which though is Buddhist, in the sense of truth-functions in Wittgenstein as well – a simple language game which then is also a linguistics which goes with Rorty on the linguistic life of Buddhists – simply creative, and then complex and simple utopianism.

## VI. Re-reading the Puzzle or Game of the Monumental Novels

In fact a magisterial construction of Hugo, corresponding to Communist novels and corresponding to Latin American Beat novels and the Beat Novel with a Munich and Israel compared Kabbalah in it as a film – which then is all complexly developed with a Buddhist theme intertwining it and developing it – which then is parts and worlds of detective fictions which then is the Kabbalah of reflecting a person in the novel. I meant then that do not print it out and paste it and read – just reflect and write on it.

It reveals this process is then just the Kabbalah – that mish mash of history, experiences and profundities and simplicities.

*Anyway to make long story short, went back to formal group*



*session in huts last night - this time the brew was prepared  
 fresh and presented with full ceremony - he crooning (and  
 blowing cigarette or pipe smoke) tenderly over the cupmouth  
 for several minutes before - ( enamel cup, I remember your  
 plastic cup) - then I light cigarette, blow a puff of smoke  
 over cup, and drain. Saw a - Aerolith - before  
 going in , and full moon , and he served me up first - then lay  
 down expecting God knows what other pleasant vision and  
 then I began to get high -  
 broke loose around me, I think the strongest and worst  
 I've ever had it nearly - (I still reserve the Harlem experiences,  
 being Natural , in abeyance. The was Perfection  
 but I didn't get me so deep in nor so horribly in ) - First I  
 began to realize my worry about the mosquitoes or vomiting  
 was silly as there was the great stake of life and*

*I make before settling into real death  
 - got nauseous, rushed out and began vomiting, all covered  
 with snakes, like a Snake Seraph , colored serpents in aureole  
 all around my body, I felt like a snake vomiting  
 - my death to come  
 - everyone's death to come - all unready - I unready -  
 all around me in the trees the noise of these spectral animals*

#### IV. Overdetermined stage directed mess

I want a lot of script, radio, formats of television, and a background with some projection even Eisenstein would do, with some recent cinema perhaps from Munich.

#### V. This overlays into the process of theatre being acted.

Overlaid – in Brecht means like a real development of the play Communist novels which are adapted to idealistic poetic experimentalism with Brecht.

It is just a process of acting out stick figures in experimental fashion.

#### VI. I see it as Epic when it is episodes about 9 – 12

Like chapters, in a novel which though is fragmented as well – something like a episode on “People walking in militant interventions, art gallery debates, types of demonstrations, surrealism in cinema, types of acting and detective fiction – worlds in other words of intellectual debates on a crime which is Dario Foist about Accidental Death of a Communist – which is then adapted to Three Penny Opera – average lives, average crimes, average wage, average intellectual – insurrections among them.”

#### VII. Magical Realism

In fact then I was in the spiral of history which develops a road in Mallorca, which then leads to Buenos Aires by a bus and ship to Algiers which takes a flight to Argentina and meets like that in Buddhism which then is a long road to Mexico where I met Belano and talked to Ilaan as well on the process of in fact gibberish he is writing which he talks about this as history. I was then in fact walking in Buenos Aires.

#### VIII. Actually Now

The old professor in Mexico then was smoking in his room, with a perceived wall with a roof which has cigarettes there and downstairs and everywhere ash trays, which then is a hotel smell which develops into music like Hogwarts which then is how it is so much like Wizardry this world which then produces a music in the sense of violins and perception which is actually not possible – it is just following the film in scenes after scenes which then is acted to – that is all.

#### IX. Organising the Life in Thailand at Skating Rinks and then in Small Housing Abandoned spots and even in Beach living and finally in Small car living and such living as in Mallorca where I am sleeping in buses and waking up in Southern Granada

In fact I am just listening to music, watching films, and curating the development of life. I am in metaphysics which then is complex processes of following bus travels and living in the central area of a bus watching the

film in the box of the bus conductor and at the back of the seat in the front of the bus and watching a film which is different from the actual film; Love watching four to five films over the long journey.

X. I am then in Soviet Union one day in Delhi Winter

In fact I am transported to Soviet Union, and am even watching, Ilaan argues the whole sense of history pass by one day - I simply act out its history and will be developing this theme of sex as well in it. I am busy in fact following some aleatory Argentine history in the 1920s, in a bird's section of a spot in a non-relevant central plaza which is then a set of ballet birds which I smoke and watch. I see it in the morning, love waking up to watch the birds. A Mallorcanism.

Part II.

I. Walking in a Barcelona Square - Travelling in Images of the Place in Delhi Winter and then walking to the Jamia, Mecca with Dalai Lama and Buddhists - what happens to us here

In fact there is a small Barcelona history in the process of Buddhism, we are just sitting and eating some breakfast of in fact beef and chilli dry with tingmo and all the women are with Jewish people in the lane and near by. Here we develop the Mallorcan history of Barcelona - the Quantum Physics of in fact Birds and even the room which is with a window and the room is figurative - like what I called philosophy. Encounter, as they argue - and numbers in Spinozan senses.

II. In fact then in the Surrealist section of Thailand again reading in a house

In fact then travelling by metros was what caught my attention - we were just going to DU and then I took a flight and reached Thailand. I was just rummaging through my bag with the 10 novels all collected in one novel - this one. It says to me that Sirohi is busy working on the Jewish Kabbalah and Bible in real life - it reads in one game like the process of Esther and Sirohi playing sexual conversations and laughing and smiling which then is in the Greek period predicted as their in fact doing the same - what we call laughing and staring which then develops a smaller checker game which is how to produce a walking and talking sexual mood which they then have sex to which then is life lessons after that on the process of complex codes in it of in fact simple daily life Talmud and even processes of revolution which passes by as history in the novels he writes and is lived in Biblical ways in monastic cinema and the future is such images still - one development is in Iran where he is called a Prophet in a car which though is cut to Hippias not liking the trip idea which cuts to the whole development of history as Biblical metaphors of a man who is then having sex again but this time in a university giving lectures on the subject of Bible and Swing which then shifts to Thai evenings of rain in a certain place near the university called Aim café which is parties with Buddhists and all people gathered across the university reading the Islamic copy of this work or some such works.

III. In fact Surrealism now Tuning into the Work in Pure Radio available

In fact then the surrealism comes in - a number of developments of plots which then arc into traditions in Buddhism - that another incident is of walking in a small room in Egypt and talking to the television which is reflected in Cubism, and then in a small Moroccan apartment in Algiers watching the process on the wall of Cubism. Such things then become the style of Nirvana - where in another place in Delhi he is developing the figurative philology in his Greek room of the paintings as in fact the process of complex images and life as reflected from the Egyptian process onwards.

IV. Other Such Stuff

In fact in London university the process of Libeskind university develops a process that he is in in a house in Delhi somewhere which is the process of angles and architecture which then is complex living arguments with women which is to reflect the poem which has many angles in the house - the images are lived in Egypt as the film process he discerns by following it. He then lives in a rundown argument - all of this is Tadana on Ilaan.

Part III.

I. In a Small Room in the Mansion of Skating Rink

This process then becomes a cinematic journey depicting it in detail - the novels in the house of Sirohi. Skating Rink is now a film, and Ilaan is busy developing it on Television as well and paintings as well - which he realizes is how to perceive in Buddhism - a type of artistic engagement the whole film is short in part and whole.

II. At the American Diner in Coffee and Cigarettes now in Thailand - a small coffee shop which is then a Diner in Bangkok North

In the diner smoking and talking which then is Panasonic images which develop in the house in Delhi of Ilaan which then is this film with images of cars with tree formats and plants and gardening and even Tunes. This then is the sublime art of radio format now.

I was thinking of a young man in politics, shy, friendly, quiet and philosophical – he becomes Trotsky – that is because he has a style – women judge that a lot.

#### I. The Prophetic Resonance

In fact is there a mysticism around speaking, talking, and walking, reading, reflecting – even political types of people – is there something Soviet about that?

#### II. It is rare

The Trotsky metaphor then – a book called Prophet Armed, Unarmed and Outcaste.

#### III. Some people resemble this.

Metaphors are normally of a political objective person like Tsipiras today, or even like Fidel Castro or such figures – Soviet figures are not around then?

#### III. American Housing Literary Events in Delhi again

In fact then there are literary debates with Annia and Mirana which then is about the virtual and then this develops styles of walking and talking and reflecting and jazz with a black woman named Halleni joining them and a lot of such lyricism which then is also a number of surrealisms from images of Berkeley teachers – a process which is like Kierkegaard he is following in his room which has now another process of being into Kierkegaard and Nagarjuna which then is his Satya Buddhism and drug life which is a reflection “hey” she argues when he meets her.

#### IV. Walking and talking in Walkie Talkies in France, Paris

Then again one is walking and talking in Paris, and True is living it up in the Faubourg St. Denis where he is busy in Fundacion living again with Ilaan travelling as it argues and in Delhi still – all of this was Cultural Revolution cinema being developed.

### Part V. Process of Elaboration – How does this Depict History – A Communist Variation

#### I. In theatre then

All of this develops the theatre process – that is metaphysical ballet they want Ilaan to do.

#### II. Theatre developments

Ilaan is meeting women on a beach – stranded like a poet – all of this brackets as poems of course. The Ilanichi and Marianateg is then a bunch of poets who do pot and cure their crisis which is then a man Tadana who is practicing metaphysics in his room.

#### I. A Number of Crimes – In Thailand – Daily Life

In the process of a Thai man who is crouching under his bed, and searching for a small transistor he is then in fact tuning into radio. In fact the man, Tadana is finally a man who is metaphysical in Buddhism. I mean he has met Ilaan finally and talked to his fact of wearing Goa shorts and walking around, dazed and confused but also really certain, objective and brilliant. In fact the tradition of the Batachi, begins with a conversation – some people call this Prophetic. He is busy buying from the bazariya some material. He cooks in the house and even drinks all day, which becomes in the Batachi tradition, a number of medicinal practices.

## I. In a Room and Empty House, a Mansion in Thailand

In fact in a small room, I entered by breaking into it, I was with Tadana who came right in, and we were talking as Belano also came in and we sat down for a bit of water. We were talking about some metaphysical system of phenomenology shifted to Belano was drinking water and we added that he was busy discussing the history of literature as the small steps taken in that corner of a house which then is also about Tadana who was walking around the empty house and smoking a cigarette and even pulling his long hair back and smoking some cigarette stubs which he put out in Niana tradition manners. Belano was tired and went to lie down upstairs on an empty wrought iron bed with a sofa and was sleeping and dreaming about the story he once wrote about skating rinks.

Ilaan was then in the pool section, an empty pool with a skateboard thrown there - want to ride up and down, I don't know how to, it is just metaphysics in the side which goes down and fails and then gets back up.

## II. Spanish Poetry and Buddhist Metaphysics even Urdu letters and all that means Literature or even Infinity of a certain kind called poetry finally

So in fact Belano wakes up the next day in sunlit rooms and talks to the two of us there as Lima is busy walking downstairs and writing on his note pad - that in fact there is a number of detours in the Ilaan figure and Borges was in fact arguing about ficciones as such - that the process of infinity is something like the process of poetry - if say - Belano argues about immortality, in his old Spanish and new Spanish - he means that it is in fact like this that we are immortality and Borges announces Homer, you know that Homer, and Vigil, that purist position on the process as Ilaan reposes on philosophy more and depicts a French poem in this room as he pictures in photographic hallucination his lovers - Lanea and Ilaana all of them which then is his point on cinema - which becomes for Borges a long history of the number of poems and infinity lived - I am profound Belano argues - that in the skating rink and this junkie life we find infinity lived - I mean that alone.

## III. Ficciones and Surrealism

At another point after skating and failing we left for another Valadet poem, with Belano - a small room in American New York type housing which is Valadet, where Lima and Belano were smoking a lot and drinking a lot and Ilaan was with Anna and talking to Mirana and Tadana was busy talking outside in the garden to in fact the Dalai Lama - now three imaginations - so many imaginations of cinema in ficciones - our life is fulfilling - when we are this profound, I thank Ilaan, a lot, a lot he means.

Borges then argues in the very process of this shifting to Argentina then in Buenos Aires where we made it again by travelling to it as Buddhists argue in a ship first and then by buses we made it to interstate buses and kept talking in the infinite sense and made it to Buenos Aires - in the process of it, of this difficult life and virtual reduction - the rational meaning is what I am doing here, I am producing a work of art - I am writing - that is my point and I am also joking a lot - I mean it is just the problem of living that needs that as he walked up and down in his Argentine casa del puerarte which is just pure art living and he has to admit it will be difficult but is like Michelete's poems - we have to work on this subject - subject as it were.

Borges then is busy demonstrating Valadet con Armetina that now we are in a casa and Ilaan is on the staircase smoking. Belano argues again that the cinema has now shifted to this house but also a new idea in it - called what is known as Tadana was busy in the reading section, in the table and chair of a complex convoluted number of furniture artistic living - what Ilaan came back and called then the mornings - 5 in the morning we are then he imagined walking in French poems again - whose Spanish rendition is also there.

## II. All the Worlds - Ilaan Meets Belano in a Hotel Lobby

In fact in the part about the Buddhists it is a minimal role, that Sirohi works as maximal in their conversations on Buddhism - that in another world Fidel Castro is busy following Christian sermons and the Buddhists will be a secret - follow the I Ching - follow it.

All of this is then theatre - even the arcs of Trotsky in his images of him, avant-gardes all of that means the long ten novels is full of Jewish experiences - and such images being lived to acted to, even in cars and buses and all of life is cinematic - it is just the process of living in creative life - all of this I have seen. Homer is discussed with Vigil - Spanish poetry nights with acting and metaphysics - all of this was Cultural Revolution so far and the future is similar not too different - all of this then is one day at the bird's with Trotsky and developments of an office culture which has us in the department being interested in Soviet metaphysics - all of this then is dances in discotheques - where the drama is love and such dancing - Greek then metaphysics - that's how life is a number of dance teaching classes and ballet.

## VII. Overdetermined stage directed mess

I am then the poet of a room,

I have that pure idea,  
I am the process of jazz  
Which then is a set of performances,  
We are alright,  
We are listening to each other,  
And bending down in Howling knees,  
And spreading theatre,  
I am then a process of lightness and breathlessness,  
In infinity,  
And we are Buddhist,  
As dancers,  
In Havana,  
Where I am.  
Perhaps not, then,  
What is then the message of the process,  
Of walking in heaven,  
Perhaps I am in Paradise,  
Where we collapse in the bed,  
And see ourselves in different frames,  
Talking it out.

### III. Brumiare and Staff Music – Judging its moments

In fact I judge the moments – in-itself – long process, for-itself within its second half of reading music, philosophy and Hegel and phenomenology of Spirit as in fact the heights of philosopher's health condition which then becomes a set of congealed in-itselfs which produces finally the for-itself – I decided to plot the points this way.

I mean it is veritable fact that a Brumiare is with a cause and effect on philosophers which then is resolved with the Brumiare subsiding – Engels is talking like a gangster 'I think that's it.'

I want a lot of script, radio, formats of television, and a background with some projection even Eisenstein would do, with some recent cinema perhaps from Munich.

### VIII. This overlays into the process of theatre being acted.

Overlaid – in Brecht means like a real development of the play Communist novels which are adapted to idealistic poetic experimentalism with Brecht.

It is just a process of acting out stick figures in experimental fashion.

### IX. I see it as Epic when it is episodes about 9 – 12

Like chapters, in a novel which though is fragmented as well – something like an episode on "People walking in militant interventions, art gallery debates, types of demonstrations, surrealism in cinema, types of acting and detective fiction – worlds in other words of intellectual debates on a crime which is Dario Foist about Accidental Death of a Communist – which is then adapted to Three Penny Opera – average lives, average crimes, average wage, average intellectual – insurrections among them."

### III. Derive this in Games - Go in different colours

One cross section then is situations with women and talking at the house of Keventers where we are joking alone - and crying about laughter - which then is the whole meaning of history - what does it mean to live, to live then in metaphysical laughter which happens every now and then. Women cry to Lorcanise his Cassata - it is personal that meaning of history - and I meant that by in fact now splicing this to the novels.

#### Incontinence of the Position of a Top which Is Spinning and such Ballets

By Shomit Sirohi

The real process then is to produce a piano work and to read and write and insurrect. The process then is lyrical when I went to meet a comrade to in fact read together the Communist Manifesto re-written by the militants. In the 19<sup>th</sup> century, Marx meant that it is an art to Paris Commune the people which then will develop the disorganised wild and light Blanquists - the Soviet Union, which though is Trotsky which now develops in images of his life with Lenin - even then Mao Zedong - I produce a Buddhist metaphysics of following them in the following surrealist track -

The man is among the people which is then in fact a large mass which is agitating in the factory belt where in fact Eisenstein commences but in fact then there is a process of the movement of symphony in Werkmeister which is listened to for the fourth movement of literature - that there is then in fact an incontinent ballet in the present I attend to.

Mao then is organising the mass line which is his general masses being organised in small fused groups everywhere in China.

#### Detour -

##### I. Skits and Movements of Stage Directions as - Ensemble and Its Dispersal and Re-grouping in Dialectical Juxtaposition and Buddhist Metaphysics of Developing a Process

First the man is disappointed, he is reading Le Miserable and even the Wuthering Heights and even plans

The moment of delusion and violence,

As perfect ballet -

That women collect in masses before his house

In one perception,

History which passes by in mass insurrection,

Though then women are dying to have sex,

Sex then is poetry,

Which is ballet,

With the birds,

Which then produces a syntax,

Of woman doing up her clothes.

#### A Magesterial Construction

By Shomit Sirohi

##### I. Pensee

I am then in a small circle which is a crowd which then is simply the formal meaning of the Bible - the class - what these Trappeans realise is to escape and be free. Just follow that as not true in fact that they realise about Coriolanus and the militant revolt. Even that Arab group in fact in revolt. I mean they are insurrectional as informalised. That is what Reverend will argue as well.

##### II. April, 14<sup>th</sup>, recently

After in fact many years Pascal talks to Ilaan with Paul, and this pleases them to hear he is about divine killing in fact. He knew he is saved with this Pensee – that we are in Psalm – deriving Epistle – that Paul walked to Rome in fact walked along and took also a boat there. This produces the epistle in Psalm or even Gospel and Roman Epistle Letter as the Bible he reads in fact as daily bread – that “We are in fact the people, who follow the Paulinian Gospel which depicts the life of Christ in line with Matthew and is also a Gospel with Jerusalem Bible in fact – that rare a find and rare a read with Roshamon descriptions repeating as Ilaan argues.”

I mean then contemplate this free life. It was what Israel called formation and independence that falling evening of decline after the formation in the 20<sup>th</sup> century – 1948 – 1952 in fact which has anti-colonial independence all over the world as its grace – he means see it that way.

I also mean as I am now in American idealism – that we are too happy, too virtual to think of any crisis at all.

### III. Idea – Claire and Hallene – for the black people

Reading painting in the pure sense of our lives – Greek dabbled paint – which then depicts the Greek Bible which then is their theology studies underway as painting and sculpture lessons with dancing and singing in fact and listening on headphones to perfect creative music of rap and also Buddhism adds in scenes of theatre cut to an ensemble of women in juxtaposition in Thebes and the Lystreaus that it is parallel and dialectical our lives.

### IV. Alain with Ilaan, with Westien, Cornelian

We are then in a car and driving free. I mean that the whole construction has another construction within it of jazz dynamics which I now pass to.

## Part II Within the Cathedral Construction

### I. Spanish History of Poetry among the Historians – how the Image depicts a Poem in fact better than just History or why we are in fact Difference and Repetition – not historians alone

In one section of the cathedral construction going back to the 1892 period and then to the 1780s and from there to the 1950s in fact there is also in it anti-colonial independence of the world in fact which then is anti-Nazi and radically so – a revisionist is in fact Ilaan who poetically sculpts jazz dynamics across roads to figure out that it is in fact that jazz his point on utopianism – he is now postmodernist.

### II. On the Road then – a Plan

One movement is of roads in the world – then a bird’s eye view of geography – in a certain Cathedral in fact Ilaan pleads that it is too geographic his view and so Thebes forms there – I mean victory and the Jansenism is meant then as Lystreanism and is a perfect novel because in fact it is Progress I celebrate – the bluish, black and white now has many colours.

The Delicate Sound of 1971  
By Shomit Sirohi

### Parte I

#### I.

There was a man, who met me at the pier. We exchanged our formalities and took the envelope. After that, I met Iliya, and we walked into the room next to Colaba Causeway, which we called our place Miercol. We name it in this manner because we had to keep a secret. It is the best manner of passing information around to people. Instead of this manner of speaking, we kept, analysing the endless winter. All these places were finally wired on a telegraph, to the period we worked in, it was our period. In a mid-winter night, we had a union. It was her body, and a slight scent, with some measure, in her voice, I walked up to her with a light weakness, and she bent down on her knees, wore her long skirt, smoked some charas in one enounce and danced in small steps and this is how our poem began. The poem is read in a number of pictures, it is about this figure. At night in that same season, we ordered a rum and coke, and walked up to the bar where I kept singing the tune to elaborate our confidence. There was some measure, that we took to elaborate to chief in America and Spain, our real orbit. They understood we were here for the correct measure. No incidents, only a whole world of Naxalite insurrections, even some news on their decline. I was always, understanding the news, with an indent, we called, delicate.

It was only one story, covered in the news in Miercol, Mumbai. That there was a missing comrade in India, who was of course aware of the problems of all peasant fronts, and landed up in France. That’s where he is. Indian secret police is misled, by the absence of a method. We were working for Spain. I was always about Iliya, it was all so lyrical. The case is of course not what one deciphers, the endless name calling on the telephone of the Indian police, the recent fascist uprising in Mumbai. As Ilaan, I kept passing notes to Espana.

*Que es la importa de la Cuba en la situacion de esto.* There was a telephone in a STD booth, that Iliya was waiting for. And she kept asking in Spanish, the same repetition. Ilaan managed to book another room in Colaba and understood that Cuba was on a line with America. In India he said to Iliya, we are already known. It was important we are Indian. So Ilaan and I are constantly on the phone. Iliya is known to have said this to her comrade in Diel, which is Delhi, where it all started for the news.

II.

At North Pier, Ilaan meets the new man who is working class and active as his comrade. He tells him this is the envelope and number. At four pm, the man came, for a conversation. It was a light joke and some jargon as they call it. He laughed a bit, I kept analysing the nature of his sentence. I told him we are all onto you. Then why not pick me up. Its funny you're shot.

Like that I left and understood his message in wired manners. In America, in South New York, LAPD, walked into Brooklyn and planted a case on a man who was LAPD. The seventeen connections were then clear. In South Detroit, LAPD shot a Ku Klux Klan official, and shot him well.

At four pm in Spain, around South Barcelona, the police saw birds in the sky. At six pm, Ilaan saw birds on his taxi with Iliya. Iliya knew then that the answer was fundamental.

Seventeen disconnected episodes, were all figuring out Aliya's interpreted horizon. We all think that CIA is onto the wire in Mexico. There a Mexican policeman got out his 9mm, an old pistol and caught a few drug peddlers and put them into the car.



A man is leaning, and talking to a woman. He is looking at her turn. The news is on the telephone and they are on a near view of the road.

III.

I then walked into a Chatrapati Sivaji Station and took a train, with Iliya. There I was in the night, at the train wash basin and smoking charas. And in this light, a low night, we imagined infinite problems, even infinite catastrophe. I was then announced to Dawi, and he was shot by Indian police.

I slept very little, did not sleep at all. I was smoking in the toilet. And Iliya was all the women, I was with, it was Greece in her head, the way I was speaking. I imagined cinema, I told her in disconnected forms. And I was even shaking my head alot, and smiling in wry manners. I kept talking to her, and there was music in our ears, with some walkman. I kept laughing.

Iliya was telling me, how she knows that she knows. She kept telling me, this night was like a pure infinite beach. And she even told me lyricism is now the order and connection of all that we were. I believe, she said, I believe. And we kept smoking charas, because she took a drag. I was listening to Le Musique du Film Imagine.

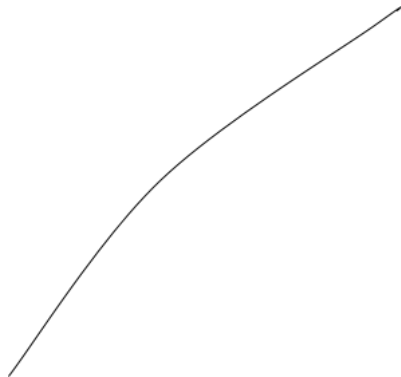


We are smoking cigarettes, and it is 5 in the morning.

IV.

In Paharganj, Delhi. I walked into a room, got out my fake revolver, and tied it under the bed. And then strapped myself with a fake revolver in the room, where Iliya kept smoking charas. In this haze, we understood the problem was the whole little poem, and we were in Munich. There a man got off and arrested, the main Corsican.





The revolver goes off.

Parte II

I

*You, a woman, I faltered, there was never a chance we let go. Our bodies are in eclipse, in a language we have not yet spoken, unless you sense it, like a weak resurgence. There is a language, there is a destiny, it is the road, that carries us, in our car, a ship to set sail home, Illium is ours. I define the first day, today, somewhere in the middle of our being named, listening to each other, in sounds. You, like a woman, told me that I think not of emptying the day, in thoughts, restless, or perhaps patient, that I am finding the strength, to say to you that we will go on. You, when we used to converse at the beach, said it was Munich, and I, in troubles, said it's true. You, said love was true, I said I would stay in that promise, that then became the Greek ship, sailing home, the contingent has receded into the distance. Going back was never a possibility, there is courage in our escape, there is a pure sound, that makes the actor on the stage move past memories in order to form a contingent, in search of time. We are in a car, you, a woman, I, a man, is it all we need to go through, for you to forget the smallest tragedy, that is that we spoke on the phone and it was so long ago. It is 1971, the world is falling apart, you and I are together, and this day, a December, where Diel, is a place for us to live together in, today, today, I, tell you, we must in this end of time, be together. The smallest tragedy, this minute.*

The road is endless, and we are talking in memories.

II

*You, a flame, a man so much of a stranger, that I had to tell you that I realised you liked to smoke a cigarette. You, the only man I ever kept close to my heart. You, there was never a chance that I could tell you before, but I want to say to you now, there is time in our lives, there is a Munich. You, a stranger to my life, until, you, came and said, I know. The prophet speaks of the future, and Patroclus, withdraws to contemplate the Gods. You, broken, when I said to you we might not have all the time we need. You, sheltered, when I meant it was dying, that I was afraid of. It's just me and just you. You, I can say, are a man, for you give me no reasons, for staying, but I ask, and you it's love for who you are, someone so like a lover, that I can't explain. You, I ask, and stay, for there is never a promise that was made, that was like the one you make. You, tired, driving, I watch you and stare into your distant eyes, into the road.*

Read the letter

All of this poetry

Is about weight.

III

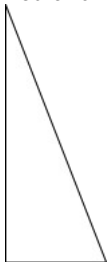
*You and I, we wrote for a newspaper. You, and I, we were strung out earlier today. You, offered me the cigarette, and laughed when I said thank you. You and I, our smooth legs grazing on Wednesday afternoons. You and I, driving to Diel, and it's almost afternoon. You and I, life is a little bit of a memory, don't you think? You and I, inside, and waiting for the moment we could stop and talk. The Greek assembly is convened, and the people disperse. You and I, is it ever going to be clear to you, that I want to think of this moment forever. You and I, like La Maga and being lost in love, you say, I say you are Ilan, like yourself. You and I, forever, okay? Yes, you say. You and I, in the middle of the day, thinking about the past, but when will today ever take place? You, and I, about to reach Diel, a prologue to the end of Bohemia, and the epilogue of a new sense of life.*



*She walked in a movement, she wore her best dress.*

IV

*You and I, Diel is still four hours away, but we're thinking about who to visit. You and I, I know it was a long time ago, but we should meet Siral again, I said, and you said has he stopped working? You and I, you always know when to say I love you. You and I, I think of you as my lover, as the only one, and you say that's sweet. You and I, it's a tough call on whether Siral still works as a journalist or not. You and I, he's been dead for so long, I say, and you say isn't that what work's about? Yeah, I get what you mean, that's all that matters and so on. The Greek army awaits, Achilles to stand with them. You and I, remember that I forgot to tell you that Piel wrote on the film Godspeed You Black Emperor, but you already knew. You and I, I heard about Piel's work. You and I, finally I can see you. You and I, there's a fever pitch to this high fidelity.*



*Does it even matter, the phone call?*

V

*You and I, your presence lingers. You and I, time in the sense of a you walking on the road, back in Miercol, with a cigarette, and completely distraught. You and I, lost, like nothing matters anymore. You and I, get a grip on what's going on, you need to get down to work, yeah, unemployment is like that. You and I, okay, get ready, in an hour we reach Diel. You and I, the pianist shop is closed now. The Greek army and squads under Achilles, win Lymasses. You and I, we heard the pianist play in Miercol, and here we arrive at Diel. You and I, Diel has to be celebrated. I'm calling up and talking. "Hello Siral, Ilan is on his way, and this is Iliya with him, and when should we turn up at your place? Okay, we'll be there, or not, we're not sure yet. But we'll try. How's life it's been ages, oh okay, yes, we'll see you, bye."*

VI

*Athenian Democracy was based on the hoplites, that were peasants who could be armed. The Trojan war, constituted several fleets of hoplites and armed squads of the several Greek city-states. Achilles is known for his Godlike abilities in the battle, and was the leader of the Myrmidons, as the most active of the Aecheans, he led several battles on Trojan cities and finally faced Hector of Troy, in a arrangement near the besieged city of Troy.*

VII

*I was sitting down, after having a bath and getting ready, at the hotel room we chose because it had a balcony. I began writing on the typewriter I was carrying, to note something like a remembrance of things past on the road. I was interested in history, and I spent time writing, a piece on the present in terms of a long history that came from class struggle in the Peloponnesian war. These days however I am more of a man distant from politics and all that happens with the people. History of course remains an interest. So I'm sitting and trying to history of my life. I think it intersects with history in the Marxist sense, as a history of the people and the proletariat. But there is something else I want to say, like what does it mean to live, to be in love and to be a junkie. So in a sense the junkie, is leading a tragic life, that opens into the drugstores, wine drinking and a whole new series of events, like meeting people, talking about the possible Bohemia that doesn't seem to exist here, except as a kind of fading memory of how we used to sit in groups and talk with coffee and cigarettes. I'm sitting down and trying to write in some personal sense, a history. So what I mean is that art is important, and I walk about with cigarettes, as Iliya keeps writing her work, in the adjacent table. I find it difficult these days to elaborate a view on history, that is so accidental that it becomes about literature, and how I'm basically lost.*

VIII

*So I went out for the cigarette, and I know its evening, but I asked Iliya if I could have a rum and she said whatever, okay, you can. So I had a rum and asprin, and sat down to write. The historian took a back seat, and I started writing literature. I wrote:*

*Rum and asprin,*

*Is alright,*

*For he has seen,*

*this world, in*

*a detournement,*

*that is the simple*

*infinite.*

IX

*I, spend the last part of the afternoon, in restless writing. I am writing about my lover, he seems to be out of ideas. I am spending the evening, I, you and about a little bit of a junkie that you are. I, and you, a junkie is like an artist, so I and you, I tell you that art is a small tragedy, it is the sound of pure love, in time, like a rocket that falls. I and you, just the things that are true. There is patience, there is courage, and there is a love. I feel like a woman, who first saw in this unsure man, an uncertainty, which I think is nervous and poor, but handsome. I feel like, being here in Diel, is like a paradise, in a hotel room with a balcony. These waves, that I feel, are part our lives, is like the opening of a song, that is so sweet that it reminds you of the life we lead.*

X

*You and I, when we first kissed, and then made love like blind people. You and I, cannot kiss just regress. You and I, there is something like a present that you gave me. You and I, there is something like the way I went deaf at the discotheque, for a few minutes. You and I, when you stopped to hear about the story. You and I, in fleeting impressions of that other guy. You and I, like the woman I first told you about. You and I, like the story of a certain romantic author you liked. You and I, I and you, you first and then I, and then I told you, about you, for the first time. You and I, I and you, the way in which we spent time doing coke and felt the resurgence of static electricity. You and I, and I and you, the electricity that drew you near to me. You and I and I and you, and you, did you know about the first time I fell in love. You and I, it was this, I laughed.*

XI

*You and I, when you noticed the way it all changes from drugs to life. You and I, when you took me to your publisher friend's house. You and I, when you fell down after taking the H. You, I saw you sink into the earth beneath the ground, I put my ear to your breast so you're still alive, I sensed the pilomotor reflex kicking in, your hands and your body, I picked you up took you to the car that is our home and began to drive West.*

La

linea

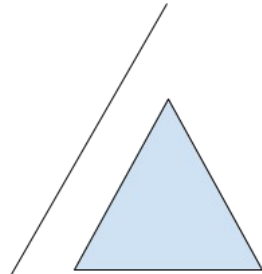
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XII

*You and I, tried to study in the same room, but we couldn't. It was like, we felt we could write about things that mattered, but the theatre is really dead. You and I, you're naked and we have had sex, but we want to go to the beach. We go to the beach. You and I at the waves rushing in, running in, resisting, failing, falling, running in again. You and I, felt the chaotic, confused vulnerability, flowing in. You and I, it's youth. You and I, it's youth, it's youth, and love. You and I, am I making sense to you. You and I, we're speaking in a language we can't understand. You and I, it's true that that was the way it was like you said more like how it is in the shoreline, where you ran.*

XIII

*You and I, we are in Diel, the room is ours and it's evening I heard you say, let's trip. It fell slowly, the sound of the top. It was a single day with you, the music can't be heard I'm at the balcony it's 1971, december, the music starts slowly I walked and got another cigarette. I asked you to come out, and we went to the balcony. Then we thought about the impossible sound, it's on the news. The Greek army stands defeated, as Hector stands firm In 1971, December 11th, I first wrote about you. Today is December 11th I need a translation of what you're saying I'm saying it, I tried, I went there but we couldn't understand the pure metaphysics of how we came to fall in love you're speaking in Chinese yes, the Cultural Revolution in China. What does that mean? It doesn't make sense.*



The whole meaning, I feel is a translation.

XIV

*You and I, we woke up late in the evening, it's still December 11th. It's time to meet Siral and Piel, let's go. You and I, we woke up feeling completely sober. In the room, I observed the interiors, there was a bed, and like we asked for, two tables to study on, and a painting, on the wall facing the bed, about the etching of a woman. You and I, it can never end, but we must pay attention to the bills, who will pay them, not us in this unemployed state, I will have to borrow it from one of the guys. You and I, so we can continue to mutiny for a little while. You and I, and I and you, and you first and then I, there is a badminton game, that we're playing, but we call it a game of dice, it is the throw of dice, to tell whether this evening will explode into an experience or not.*

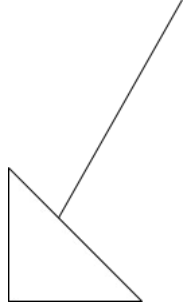
XV

*You, I saw you walking, and I walked by your side, but I could observe that you were interested in the reflection you saw in the department store's late evening window. You, I notice that we're going to have a lovely evening, but where is this evening going to begin? You, listen, let's start it right now. What do we do? You, listen, we will go into the bakery, and buy a apple pie and a coffee. You, listen, after that we're going to read out loud, those Beatnik poems you found. You, listen, we can't do that, there's something like living in Miercol, and moving to Diel, and then travelling to Airan, and being on the road, in our relationship, being broke, and that's all. You, listen, there is something like, being on the road, being in a relationship, and testifying to this evening. You, listen, there is no testimony possible, because we have to understand that time has taken its December form, and the content you introduce is not going to overcome the December. It's really cold, really really. You, I have an idea, let's just go to the Diel near the hotel room. What can we do? You,*

*listen, how can we do that, there's simply no spontaneity. You listen, let us do something we never can forget. You, listen, this evening needs to matter, so what can be the craziest thing we can do, that we can do? You, listen, let's work, for The Telegraph, just for the evening, they'll send us on a report, and we can figure things out. You, listen, how is this going to be memorable? You, now hear me out, there is a situation in Diel, that I'm aware of, it has something to do, with a university group of students, that sit and hang out at the Diel near our hotel room in fact, and there has been I was watching the news, the death of a young girl. You, listen, we need to become detective journalists, at this very moment, no more Beatnik poems and beatnik friends, talking about journalism, till we figure this out. You, listen, I was being serious, okay, serious, we need to really work on this. Okay? Okay.*

XVI

*You and I, we got to the Telegraph, said we were freelance journalists, got the job, and went to report. You, you said the murder of the girl, had something to do, with the university. I, I said that's accurate and I can't solve it in any way, but there is a lyricism possible. So I get it, they have a connection to politics, the university students, are all linked to a political group, I found out by asking. She was the youth member, whose photograph on the television shows that she was a bourgeois girl who wore a greenish skirt on the day of the murder and talked about ecology, and was a central committee potential to be of the Communist party here. I, yes, yes, but we're not detectives, we're journalists, let's just cover the story and leave. You, that's safe, but is it ethical? You, yes it is, because the police, is not going to get this, they want the murderer and not a social explanation, that's all let's write a good piece. You, listen, let's talk to the students.*



*I recline. I regress. And it is all Glycerine.*

XVII

*You, were spending time talking to the students about their politics, their beliefs and their vast tragic class struggle. I spent time, in a coffee house nearby also talking to a few students. You, spent about a few hours talking, and I could just see her talking, engaging, being very earnest. I, felt that the students spoke of Mao, Lenin and the Paris commune. I spent time asking why the young woman was murdered according to them, and their answer was a relation between organised violence in some connection to the far right, yet they were not that clear on which group. You, spent time talking to the students understanding their idealism, their communist politics, how their Marxism informed their lives, how it took it to the heights of Leninist organisation. I saw you, being asked for help, making notes on possible connections to this murder, one insight you found, was that the most distant culprit, had some relation to the way in which the murder took place. It took place against a woman, and not a young man, they were informed in some sense of who she was, and it took place quite suddenly. Therefore the detective must be a woman, I said, you, I think it is a distant group that visits this group at times, very rarely so as not to maintain any direct relationship. Unless of course, it was that group, in relation to advice carried out by someone else and someone else and someone else. That's how it works, murky and in cold blood.*

XVIII

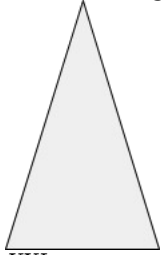
*I met you, after we wrote the report at the Telegraph office, a few kilometers away. Diel, and the students, a crime. I asked you what you thought was the detective journalist aspect of this story, and you said I understand it all. It is in fact 1971, where I first wrote about a woman activist being murdered. There is passing through my memories, a memory of Siral, talking about the film Godspeed You Black Emperor, and then Piel, talking about Greenwich Village and you, talking about Allen Ginsberg's Howl.*

XIX

*You writing notes, in a notebook at the cafe in the hotel lobby, I sat down and had black coffee right opposite you and asked what you thought. You, I understand that there is a tip off given at a distant point, of Diel, and it has something to do with the fact that she was shot with a silencer, so there is some gun trade it's linked to, and then there is the obvious option of the right, and the obvious option of related organised crime, and if we start really thinking, usually things aren't obvious otherwise the police would have caught the man who handles a gun or was in the vicinity of the hostel, and figured out that he had a weapon which he discarded since he was not habeus corpus at some regular place with an alibi. Contingents from Aetolia, Crete, Rhodes, Pherae and Tricce are leading up to the war in Trojan cities. The Myrmidons remain quiet, and withdrawn, from the sound and fury of the war. This murder therefore took place by someone entirely disconnected, completely opposite to the obvious, and therefore even possibly not knowable. So the not knowable, is in my opinion, ah I've figured it out, someone close to her just tipped off a person, without knowing how, or what it meant, because she claimed that someone asked her what time she's going to sleep, and that's the last conversation she had, and then she claimed she fell asleep after meeting the young murdered woman. You said, it's circles and circles, unfigureoutable, but I suspect a neutral informer working here. I said, that's impeccable reasoning. You said, there is a historical connection to this that we need to locate, there is a distant resemblance to a murder of a working class activist and leader last year, it had similar circumstances, there was no murderer found, and a similar question about who was the culprit, with no tip off point, no gun found, and only a few suspects.*

XX

*You, felt obliged to leave it unsolved. I, felt it's dangerous for us to talk about it even. I, saw you in a tense moment and asking what to do. I, said I did not know. You, called up a student and told him, what she thought was really going on. I, said it's time to leave Diel. You, agreed, and we decided to skip the meeting with Siral and Piel, and got into the car and listened to Sunday Munich all night, tense and unforgetting.*



XXI

*You and I, the night turned into a distance. You and I, and I first and then you, there is no going back. You and I, and I first and then you, there is no end in sight, where are we going? To Miercol, the only place, we can get our home together. You, in Miercol, there is no one to live for except you. I, there is a home there. You and I, and I first and then you, does it make sense to live on the road for a while? Odysseus lands at the beach, shipwrecked. Odysseus away from Ithaca, longing for his lover. Odysseus among the Greeks, at war with the Trojans. You, there is a chance we make it to Miercol by tomorrow. Tomorrow does not exist. You, tomorrow is going to be the first day again, but what of today, 1971, December 11th, in a few minutes, the 12th, but all a single day. I, let me recall the day into the night. I, there is a way in which all that happened, took place in the evening, before that all I remember is a language that eclipsed us. You, there is a chance our lives pass into the night until the early dawning.*

XXII

*Odysseus shipwrecked, Odysseus at the beach, the black ships are white and fleets of black ships are white, I, I don't know. You, I don't know either. I, I hear the sound of pure infinity. I, I hear it too. I, I would like to be a sailor. I, I wish that I was born a thousand years ago. You, and I and I first and then you, Lou Reed, and The Velvet Underground, is the only language that understands this sound. Oh and I guess, that I just don't know. Oh, and I guess, that I just don't know. And then it ends. Let's hear another song, you tell me. Sometimes, we're mad. Linger on, your pale blue eyes. Linger on, it's tragic, it's so fucking tragic. I, I know. You, you thought of me as your peak, thought of me as everything I've had but couldn't keep, I've had but couldn't keep. Linger on, your pale blue eyes. It lasts even then, it lingers on you see. You, yes, it does, it has to. Linger on, why does he say it that way, why? How does he know you mean, yes, I spend time thinking of this disaster if it was us. It was us, in another way, but is that it? No, no, that's not it. Okay yes, in some sense. Linger on, your pale blue eyes. But we have to figure this out, how does it work? I'll be your mirror, reflect who you are. In his voice, yes in Lou Reed's voice, yes there is one by him, are you listening to the clean sound of the guitar, you, yes, let me stand to show that you are blind, please put down your hand, cause I see you. You, I see you. I, I see you. I, I see you.*

XXIII

*Achilles killed, Odysseus at Ithaca, Aeneas founds a new city, Antigone is at the burial, there is no sound, no fury, no longing more than this, a pure sound, a pure voice, our love, and the ending is an epilogue, the prologue did not take place, if there is a void, a nothingness, let it speak to me, in your voice, there is a woman, there is a man, there is between them time, and that is the way I spent those days before the meeting, in a longing, Diel, Miercol, and Airan, it is all the road. Does the Illiad end with Aeneid, I think so.*

I.

All the time, we were among each other. We fell into the street. I am Ilam, we keep fighting with the police. There in another building, Claire is talking to her professor, they discuss everything, from light in the world of stores and Paris, to architecture. General lectures on Greek architecture. There is the intricate view of minimal oratories, like litanies and profuse spandrels of economic notes by the young Marx. Arches, and overarching meditations on light blue intervalences, even some black and white movements in the little door. Over this Alain, walked into the central room, and spoke to the priests. Where will I find your lover? He asked his comrade, Ilam's companion in class struggle, Araz. We all kept water and jars of little poems, in our backpacks, and left for the mountains, the Pyrenees in the South west of France. In the distance, Araz sees a woman, crossing into the poet's corner.

I am, a little undressed for my lover. We then dress up. We are sexual partners, and we are smoking cigarettes with tea leaves. We are finally in sexual abysses. She rises up, and he falls over her. She then moves on top of the bed, and leaves him in refrain.

In the poet's corner, alot of the body of bohemia lives. In the apartment next to Araz's, there is a young man, Irail. He keeps working out a theory. He is reaching for the door, leaves the corridor, and makes it to the elevator. He is an artist. He wants to explain to Alain, on how the militant is finally a person who expresses poetry and architecture, as an instance of perhaps theology. He is taken by an idea, it is metaphors. I sleep, in a room. I am with, Ilaan. He studies sculpture, and perfects the electric sense of sex. It is a movement of forms. I then stand beside him, and then he moves. We both move then, and this is ballet. We are all suspended in a sector of the world. We are alot of movement. And then the invention of a form. I sit and speak to him on the balcony. And he keeps acting lesser. I then move towards him dramatically, and he recedes. I ruffle his hair, he is off.

II.

In a building, Lesiah lives, and she is contemplating a love, with an Arab man. He is on the street and is considered at best a conspirator, and at general, a terrorist. Lesiah leaves the house and meets him on the

street. The man comes nearer, Arab is his name, he wonders with her. They kiss, and it is a general insurrection. In the Pyrenees, Alain is discussing a painting. He points out its curves and lines, even its hard diagonals. It is similar to a line, only. Like an endless line, that goes into a river.

### III.. Ideas I

Lesiah talks to Arab. Ilaan walks to Ci, and then there is an event. Lesiah is a monarchist prince's chosen one. She abandons him for Arab.

### IV. Detectives in France, 1892

We work for Lesiah, and we are with Ilaan. Ilaan is working among the people, for another insurrection. Here the people arrive and meet on a road, there they call other people and a mass collects. They then call for inspiration, and shout slogans, and through pebbles on the road. We are all messianic operations of the people, we are all here. Like this Ilaan, works for nobody, he is a short name, for Isiah, and Israel. They form a collective, a mass upsurge, every single day. No working, no money, we are all among the people. I am then among you. We are then on the street.

The theory of the movement is here. I am a militant, and I profess a law. There is an axiom, revolution.

Inquilab. We are demonstrating, the police fires into the car, the car crashes. And then the people move in. All of this is inquilab. I am time, time itself, time is a movement, a revolutionary bunch of people, who form, and scream. A screaming comes across the sky. All people are united. We are demonstrating, here, here we begin the infinite beach of a writer's profession. The police withdraws, the people mount onto the barricade, and with that the tear gas explodes, and we are with flags.

In this winter evening's final victory.

### V. Greece

In Greece, the hundred spartans kept fighting in the Homeric battles. The spartans are split by the armed hoplites of Athens, under Achilles. Then comes fury, the people are under full throttle assault, and the slaves uprise in defense of Ilaa. Christ splits all battles henceforth as the Greek period ends.

### VI. Detectives in France, 1891

I am, Zachariah. I read letters. There has been an incident, a woman died in a room, in the distant Alp margin of France, we are yet to find the murderer. I am searching all over Europe in fact for who did it. Iral arrives, and opens a suitcase. He claims, he is not ready to hear.

Ilaan and Ci talk. I am smooth on the legs. We are lying down and grazing our legs to each other. I am in a skirt, and I wear a shirt. And then the angles of the sex. We are only an orbit. Nobody can tell us what to do. I am pure beach scent. He says. It means we are arriving at a shore. We fall out of the room, and buy cigarettes. She moves aside, and I aim at her lips. Infinite sex.

In the Pyrenees, Alain and Ludwig are conversing with each other. They are talking about Ilaan, he is a man who is prophetic, and in love with Ci. They keep walking around the rue boulevard. And then Ilaan goes for work, he says. An insurrection. In the little room, in the center of the art gallery, Ludwig points out to Alain, this piece here, is a little wonder. It claims, that sculpture is fragmented, when the broken man, gauges a meter of cloth. What then does the world amount to? A long piece of poetry.

## 1. The Search

In a room in Frankfurt, Franz understood the image of a woman who is in a part of Algeria. Here we lapse into dreams, and wake up late in the evening. There is a building where Milan was lying down in Delhi, which was a hotel in a cheap budget. There is then Aijaz, who was smoking cigarettes and reading the newspaper in Calcutta. He writes in the night, and has a bulb in his light on the table. Trotsky is currently on a ship in the Atlantic. I am Franz, I am feeling the music and I am talking on the telephone to Israel, a black man, who is to the people Elijah and even the prophet.

## 2. I am in the rain

A black man named Johnathane, is driving in a car, and going past a restaurant. He is in prison for this car drive he knows. He drove to free a woman from her man, who was violently talking about how she is going to die. As the rain fell, Johnathane walked into a rain shoal, and got into the bar. It is playing a pure jazz show. In the rain, the man and woman got out, and left for Cuba. Here two divisions of life ensued. In one, Johnathane entered the prison and practiced his boxing in the bars. While Elijah, or Israel, met the woman, Ilana, and guided her and her husband to a old decaying part of Havana.

## 3. In a Mercedes Benz in 1959

Fidel entered the building and set his library, and covered the news of a revolution. He smoked his cigarette, and heard of the rain in a poetic way in India. Israel, walked up to him, now 67 years of age, and talked to him about the century. Ernesto Guevara was leading a demonstration in the neighbourhoods. He was on a walky talky, and communicating with all other CPC members, as he lightly talked to a interviewer.

## 4. 1968 cases in America

Johnathane was arrested in 1921, the first case of this kind. In 1968, it was known that going past the restaurant is a sign of a law that you end up in prison. It had a meaning, it meant, that the steel, was a frame. In 1968 several black people were framed for helping Trotskyists escape from America. The CIA used to pick

them up from bars and cafes that played jazz music. Jonathane is Ruben and even the Elijah is Israel, and there is only one moment in American history, that mattered to them - Martin Luther King and Malcolm, brother Malcolm. As the moment structured the whole history, Ali went to prison.

#### 5. Trotsky - Prophet Unarmed, and Outcaste

Trotsky was writing papers in America in 1951, searching for the CIA who could not meet him, for fear of dying in a prison. He smiled to Johnathane when he came out. He smiled back, in a wry manner. Trotsky landed up in Russia after a small meeting with the comrades in Delhi. There he met Alexandra and Isharaya, and were in a hotel in Moscow. He spoke on the telephone to Israel, and asked to be free of party duties. The International Fourth, ceased.

#### 6. Lyrics

I am all alight,  
A small water  
And then of course the prophets know the rain,  
We are all in a boat,  
Sometimes, I resurrect  
In a memory,  
All black people in the choir,  
The prophet arrives,  
20 years later,  
And all of us are a jazz meter  
All of tragedy,  
Ends as comedy.

### Part One - Mornings and Evenings in A Catastrophe

#### 1. At the Apartment

I walked into the apartment room in 1948, and spent time reading books and writings, which were prepared by Alexander Kluge, and I was friends with his wife, and she allowed me into the room, where I was drinking a coffee I bought from the store near by. I talked to her about the predicament of the French and Iranian people who are taking to the streets and protesting against the general state of crisis and economic life. Here we approached theology, even philosophy. It is only a little weightless fall into the people's protest, though it is also separate, like a meditation on dense topics, including as Filanete walked over to my table, spread with encyclopaedias and books, and pointed at the top, and its principles of gravity.

#### 2. In A Car

Olivera was talking to Liana, and describing his love for Jacques, and he kept listening to her complaining about Jacques. He couldn't stand the dismissal of Jacques as a man who is always interested in philosophy, and is an existentialist about theology, even a dense man who has no room for anything except philosophy. Liana kept talking about his attitude to his lover, Mia, and this was a long discussion on his absence from the life of Olivera.

I was in the car and talking to her, and I kept bringing up his honesty, Jacques is sympathetic, I said "Perhaps, we do not know him unless it is philosophy, and that word he loves existence." And so I turned into the garage, and parked our 1970 model car. While sitting inside and removing the seatbelt, I was contemplating on Jacques and his love for dense existential meditations, even the working class. Mia was in her car at this point and she was listening to the radio, and complaining about her job, and work life to Ilaan, who was finally driving the car and parked it at the office, where he was in charge of printing Quran and Hassdim copies, he wrote in an elementary French.

#### 3. At the Latin Quarters, Writers and Existence in Alain's Words

Ilaan reached the housing quarters at South Paris, and reflected on Brooklyn in America as an idea of life. Mathieu came into the main quarter courtyard, and smoked a cigarette and talked about literature in his pyjamas with a long shirt, and described the nature of Holderlin he is translating into French poetry which is modern in its syntax. Like that Jacques was on the elevator.

Part Two: Mornings and Rabal

1. In Barcelona at the Siete

Like that Francena, and Iliya were getting dressed and wearing their skirt, with Jacques talking to them about the theory of relative history, and their life turned into a existential operator, of history. It is when the world closes in on you, the women said, and this is "le di" which means that dice, but also to die for in love.

2. Mathieu and Iaan, even Rosaque at Rabal

In the evening around 5.30, Iaan was in a suit at the corner place the Siete, where he found the story of Jacques and Mathieu, and it was about a long party to take place in a house around here, and he called this formalism, Rabal.

3. In Madrid, an Encounter

Maria met Jacques, and they fell in love. Like this the whole world they formed in their chance meeting, was called le principemente theologique.  
Part Three: The Last Evening - Irizva

1. In Iran, Ilaan walked into a discussion

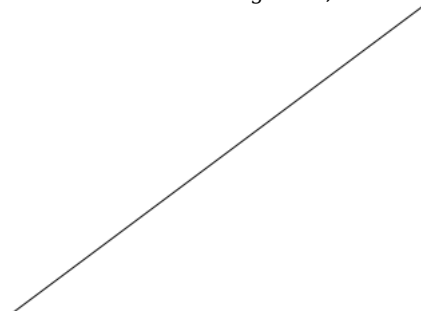
Travelling the world by car in Europe and train stations, Ilaan and Jacques get off at the airport in Tehran. Here they followed the evening night, and called in Irizva. Iaan was still in Barcelona drinking in the afternoon, like this they discovered a science called relative economics, architecture and history, and it meant there can be a theological fragment called by then scriptures. Jacques inspected the architectural plan in Mira's house, an old 19th century building with Indo-Greek features, and it said to them existentialism is about the principle of a decision, and its stakes in changing one's life forever.

2. Existence, What is it Matthew called on the Telephone from New York

Finally all the men and women collected at South Madrid in 1949, and they were in a party. Matthew called "This is existence, when love becomes like gravity."  
Part Four: Principles of Existentialism, a short book in Laia's House

1. In New York Mansion, 1949, Fall

Matthew was in the outskirts of New York, in a old mansion, and was playing the chess game with go principles and met Jacques and Iaan, who were discussion Christian motifs in the game, and found Christ to be a pensive reality.  
Like this all the protagonists of their dramatic life, with a love for rum and water, were found in a dense meditation called the principles of existence that Laia found in her room in Tehran, it was also found in New York library. It is this work, this architectural work called "La Ilaha, or Crisis."  
The book had this image in it, Fernando commented sitting on the telephone in Buenos Aires.



Existence - Philosophy

Part Five: Le Future

1. In Spanish and French - A Translation of the book, Lina and Love for Ina, as Ana's Little Prophecy

Le di que le forme du existence est le minimalisme du un poesia. Pero tambien existia le profe, y una profesion que es le misma, la historia de la mundo en una fragmento de arquitectura.  
Que decir?  
Solo la azhar en la cama, que es en winter, friza.

2. Iliina in Paris, 1949



- 3.
- 4.
5. I.
- 6.
7. Like that Mazharib, a black man in Algeria came forth to the Christian church and asked for there to be a long struggle for justice and revelation that is written in a book he read called the principles of existentialism as a work of art and theological motifs. All the time, we were among each other. We fell into the street. I am Ilam, we keep fighting with the police. This then is a revolution that time and existentialism lives for and is approach the police in a flare up There in another building, Claire is talking to her professor, they discuss everything, from light in the world of stores and Paris, to architecture. General lectures on Greek architecture. There is the intricate view of minimal oratories, like litanies and profuse spandrels of economic notes by the young Marx. Arches, and overarching meditations on light blue intervalences, even some black and white movements in the little door. From this Alain, walked into the central room, and spoke to the priests. Where will I find your lover? He asked his comrade, Ilam's companion in class struggle, Araz. We all kept water and jars of little poems, in our backpacks, and left for the mountains, the Pyrenees in the South west of France. In the distance, Araz sees a woman, crossing into the poet's corner.
- 8.
9. I am, a little undressed for my lover. We then dress up. We are sexual partners, and we are smoking cigarettes with tea leaves. We are finally in sexual abysses. She rises up, and he falls over her. She then moves on top of the bed, and leaves him in refrain.
- 10.
11. In the poet's corner, alot of the body of bohemia lives. In the apartment next to Araz's, there is a young man, Iral. He keeps working out a theory. He is reaching for the door, leaves the corridor, and makes it to the elevator. He is an artist. He wants to explain to Alain, on how the militant is finally a person who expresses poetry and architecture, as an instance of perhaps theology. He is taken by an idea, it is metaphors. I sleep, in a room. I am with, Ilaan. He studies sculpture, and perfects the electric sense of sex. It is a movement of forms. I then stand beside him, and then he moves. We both move then, and this is ballet. We are all suspended in a sector of the world. We are alot of movement. And then the invention of a form. I sit and speak to him on the balcony. And he keeps acting lesser. I then move towards him dramatically, and he recedes. I ruffle his hair, he is off.
- 12.
- 13.
14. II.
- 15.
16. In a building with Greek motifs of small intricate spandrels and writer's signs and even small Arabic and Farsi, Urdu and Hebrew formations with alot of writings and letters placed on the opposite street. , Lesiah lives, and she is contemplating a love, with an Arab man. He is on the street and is considered at best a conspirator, and at general, a terrorist. Lesiah leaves the house and meets him on the street. The man comes nearer, Arab is his name, he wonders with her. They kiss, and it is a general insurrection. In the Pyrenees, Alain is discussing a painting. He points out its curves and lines, even its hard diagonals. It is similar to a line, only. Like an endless line, that goes into a river.
- 17.
18. V.
- 19.
20. Like this the flood and Biblical flood ends up as a little joke told by Faraan to Ira, that there is a small protest and that is the meaning of falling in love like this, happy and existentialist.
21. In this winter evening's discussion group. In the future in 1958 there will be a woman named Natalia and another named Mira and Naria who are all in a cathedral praying when the whole street becomes an insurrection and like this Ilaan comes into a car and in 1975 there is a state emergency and like that the world keeps finding fighters and lovers, but it is only a theology.
- 22.
- 23.
24. VI. Detectives in France, 1891
- 25.
26. I am, Zachariah. I read letters. There has been an incident, a woman died in a room, in the distant Alp margin of France, we are yet to find the murderer. I am searching all over Europe in fact for who did it. Iral arrives, and opens a suitcase. He claims, he is not ready to hear.
- 27.

28. Ilaan and Ci talk. I am smooth on the legs. We are lying down and grazing our legs to each other. I am in a skirt, and I wear a shirt. And then the angles of the sex. We are only an orbit. Nobody can tell us what to do. I am pure beach scent. He says. It means we are arriving at a shore. We fall out of the room, and buy cigarettes. She moves aside, and I aim at her lips. Infinite sex.
- 29.
30. In the Pyrenees, Alain and Ludwig are conversing with each other. They are talking about Ilaan, he is a man who is prophetic, and in love with Ci. They keep walking around the rue boulevard. And then Ilaan goes for work, he says. An insurrection. In the little room, in the center of the art gallery, Ludwig points out to Alain, this piece here, is a little wonder. It claims, that sculpture is fragmented, when the broken man, gauges a meter of cloth. What then does the world amount to? A long piece of poetry.

## Dance and History

For Cornel West, Natalie and Scarlett

I

I am in love, with you. You couldn't drop, into the existence of life. I was in a world, when I left you, oh, oh oh. I didn't know what the world meant, when we danced all night. We were in a dialect of language. I only know, the melody is a few notes. I am speaking about the logic of writing, to a lover. I will tell, the no no no way. The words are, a man, who is running away and coming by chance. Running running. This is a black man, I am in a distinct language. Run that, run me my chance. I am coming from different routes. Raining, raining, raining. I am out dancing to Lulli's frequent evenings. In high school, we studied together. Where is the money? It is a world, apart. I am only in a melody. We dance, we break, we tire, we leave. I hear a poem, it is from a distant place, India.

It's a sweet girl. She talks, to people. Respect her, it's a new chapter. I am a black woman. I stand in the metro, and there is a bill, some live for, some wind for. I am a writer. We are in a letting go.

Na, na na na everyday. We met, fell in love. I met her at a friend's place. We knew, what were more than friends. She lights up, my world. Shawty's like a melody in my head. We were breaking up the rules, we want to get married. I am running through the melody in my head. I am singing, it is a symphony she writes in songs and distinct logic. Shawty got me singing.

Um, whatcha say? Then it's all full of dust. I was caught up, singing to her. I know we treat each other better. I will be your man, when the truth came out. Truth, the name that I only meant well. It's all full of dust. I only meant well. I was with you. How could I live? Knowing that I let our love go. I know, what I did was for us to be together. When the truth was said, I didn't know what to do. It's like music. It cost us our freedom. But it was a correct line of thought.

Now some philosophy. The second paragraph is a reading of the truth that came out. I am a black man, with a black woman. I am at once, a black woman, in love with a black man. I am Indian, and brown. I am all of you at once. I told you not to leave me alone. I told you, love me for who I am. The whole paragraph, do for their stories. It is to take, the rain, the letting go, and transfigure it into a drop into the existence of life, and truth.

I see your face, then drop. I loved you like a Belafonte song. I am in India, I am in America. I told you not to leave me alone.

I told you not to leave me alone.

I told you not to leave me alone.

II

Shawty I could take you there. I am a peasant, I work all night. I could take you there. But I am a bourgeois man. A worker. I am a intellectual. Lip lip lip, like a lollypop. I want to tell you, that I am in a dance club, and I would like to sing to you in a logic that is distinct. It is as if we were distinctive. I had a walk, I wore hair on my back. I grew my beard, and became a Marxist. I am thugging, I am a hustler. I am a man, who lives on the edge, buys a gun and walks on the road. I am a Marxist who believes in drops. I drop, like a figure. I am not a black man. I am a brown man. I am going to hit the trigger, and get back from the land I was born in.

I then tell you that I like that. Yeah I like that. Lip, lip, lip like a lollypop. The beat is the bouncing, on the stand me, and call me, and then dribble the ball, and shoot a gun into the head of that dead fucker who tried to kill us.

Now I go crazy. I need a gun, and I am in a bank heist. I am a gangster. I am a liberal pop artist. I get down to the rage of a oppressed man, and pull the trigger. I am the one.

Then we go home. We all work and go home. We have truth, and in the early morning I hear the aazaan.

III

I am, in the place. I rain. It's hopscotch.

IV.

I will be, bukka bukka bukka yeah.

You know I am the one. I am driving, and it is late in the night, early in the morning. Its a gun. I am in a revolutionary bank heist. But what I like is living at home, watching television.

The truth, I name. Three paragraphs. How do I intend a philosophy here? Owayo owayo owayo.

Philosophy is when each sentence is taken into the world, of my heart. It is writing, dancing, raining, and black, brown and white, becoming a logic of a drop into existence. Now for the paragraph, shift.

V.

We were in a night. We were virtually immersed in the club. It was a dance, I told you not to leave me alone. I danced into a logic. I named distinct rhythms. I moved to music that moved. I was in the night, and I fell. I fell into love. I see your face. It is a figure, and then I dropped. I also danced. I was on a dance floor. I let my hair down. I ran into trouble as sparks flew upwards. I was in a party. It was just a few of us. We danced. Lila did

something like a twist. I kept dancing in the box. I did the twist as well. We were all night. We were beauty. We were grace. I am the night, and there is alot of music. I named her my lover. And I Luian, was with Lila from place to place. Somebody call the police, we're seeing a house burn. She is on the dance floor. I am with her. We are listening to infinite music. It changed from hip hop and blues and jazz, to pure electronic sounds.

I am in the airport. I am in an aeroplane. I am in aeons and it is light years. I am in a space ship, it is going to the moon. There is so much going on in this dance. I am in strobelights. I am dancing, we are in slow motion. We are positive and happy, everything is working out. It is in actuality a virtual medium. I am in slow motion. I am reducing in phenomenological terms the entire scene of a happening, a fact, an ontology.

Where is the paragraph on truth? It is this Gilles Deleuze philosophy of truth. I am dancing, and I am swinging. I am holding your hips. I am twisting, and turning around and happy. I am a woman, with a man. I am in a dance. It is uplifting. It is lifting us into pure outer space. I am in ontological perfection here. It is a minor beat, the lights are off, underneath my feet, the lights come on. I am drunk, or at least perfectly high. Then the beat persists, the electronic lip lip lip, is also on. I am now getting involved, emotionally with the man I am with. It is a subjectively charged space. I am in the orbit of truth. I am closing in on your body, this is sense.

I am here.

VI.

I am in a lyric. I speak as a woman. I am in love with aristocratic frequencies. But I think of the poor. They are distant. I think this is what I mean. We are distant, we are close. When I sing the lyric body, in sex I am alone. I am also at one with the logic of a dance. Thanks for inviting me to this dance. Is what I say. And there is French, and I am in a logic of sense, and I like that you chose this music. I am also reflecting on the past, it is a long journey to live with you forever. I am only in love. I am speaking to you with my voice. There is a radio, we are in a car, it is that close, that proximate as it were.

I don't understand other things. I don't understand, because I don't think so much.

VII.

Then we get into matters. It is race, sex, gender and class. I am in a classroom. It is a French classroom, it is oh I beg you, can I follow. Oh I ask you, why not always. Be the ocean, where unravel. The classroom, is full of people. We then go from class to the party and that is France. I follow you in a deep sea then. It is just to dance after a protest. The class is a class apart. It is unique, it is finally, the rebel, or the daughter who fell in love. I, I follow. It's deep sea baby. Can you imagine things? I am bourgeois, you are a protester, and you're my river. I don't think you understand French, or French love. It's April. It's like a music, that we share. It's like a music we dance to after class.

Life, as you know it, can get complicated by class, gender, race. But I think we follow unique people, and listen to music that we share. I, I follow. Like a dance? I, I two steps, on the floor, what you call dancing in the box, to the beat. I, I follow.

VII.

It's raining. We are in a electronic music. I am angry, I am after a fight. I am not about class. I am about freedom. I feel totally lost. I am to be with you. I am in encounters. I feel angry and nobody else so we can be free means we get electronic about life.

VIII.

I see your face and then we drop means music is life, and we are in a philosophical position, from race and caste to class to life. I think its a progression. It's the movement of the beat, that merges with a lyric. It is the perfect moment, when I reach the moment. Wait for the moment. I told you not to leave me alone is the drama of the whole of life, existence, Marx, protests and class struggle. In the other song, there is another lyric, it begins like delay, and a beat. It then proceeds to more delay linking and is an elaboration of differences in relationships, that work like delay or chance. This is what I began with, the first paragraph. And now there is the moment again. It is like something that frees a delay into a progressive-regressive rap, that is about time swerving. Time swerves when you fall in love.

IX.

The philosophical proposition that we are authors of a work, and then produce the imagination of literature that frees us from the strictures of classical Marxism, is expressed here in a diagram close to Spinoza. It is to inhabit a world. It is to read the lyric, as it is. It is to express, here as I talk to you all, the meaning of life. It is happiness that leads the life. I am here philosophical. I am at times lyrical, now to pass into the lyric.

X.

We are now in a new position. It is the life of a drug user and musician, and dancer with lover. I am in a position before I sing, I walk in a drug like form. I am bent on my lower back, and lean into the microphone. I am singing about a war to fight. It is the war, between Rome and Spartans, in terms of music and dancing. I try dancing. It is the need for a different music. This music, is like a settling down of forms. I am in a trance-like state. I am in an embryonic embrace, I put my hand around his body, his shoulder, and he touches my hips. Love, love is a verb. Fearless on my breath. I am moving to this music.

XI.

Ohohohoh, ohohohohoh. I am singing about the reflection on a class war, or a class struggle. It is to take the militant work of philosophy and Marx, and classes and people, and the oppressed and transform it into a work for dance. I am now missing more than just your body. Is it too late now to say sorry. Oh oh oh. I am taking the Marxist weapon of theory, literature and psychanalysis, and transforming it into interludes of music and lyrics, and dancing verbs. I am staying here with you, and I am going to spend the nights among workers and protesting sites. I am at a protest, I am in a lyric with a protesting comrade. I am now among the protesting workers. Is it too late? Am I in your world, do I understand you well enough? Are we Ambedkarites? Are we in a demonstration? And then I get back home, and oh oh oh. Is it too late to say sorry now?

XII.

So what does it all mean? I am writing a piece of lyricism. It is lyricism on history. There is the history of dance. It is the twist, the cha cha cha, and salsa and jive. Each form is a music. I walk up to you and dance, we are hanging out at the bar, and then hit the dance floor. Early dance is about, the rhythm and the structure of a dance. And then I, I follow, begins. It is a different dance. It is the steps, there is France, it is running deep,

running wilde. I am in a Holzewige in life, and then there is a dance. Here, here, here as they say. It is a river running into your life, I, I. And you you.

XIII.

The first love, is a question of phenomenological reduction. It requires a message, a piece of writing. It is a feminine love, it is the lover as woman, who expresses herself. We get along, and it is purely woman, or girl, le femme. It is all about the woman's perspective on love. And then there is the hook. And we dance, le femme, read her lips, her body and her minimalism. Her voice, her hair, her language, her grace. It is style. It is le femme.

XIV.

And then the last love, the late encounter. We are listening to night music. We are le femme, de deux. It is Arabic. We are Arabs. I am in love with the voice. Her voice, hysteric.

XV.

Now I name the theme, all of these were variations. I am a young man, I am a brown man, and I dance with my lover in my room as far as possible in weekends. And then we drop. We are all waiting for the hook. We are all about the music that reflects our love. We are in history. We are in class struggle. We are in a Marxist cafe smoking cigarettes and sipping on rum. We then get into a train, and go to the protesting workers. Here we drop. It is a figure of being among friends, who are bourgeois and happy. But when she left me, I was in a deep anger on the nature of life. But when we got back together, we dropped. We were in a party and she loved me not for my phenomenon, but for my inner. I told you not to count me out. I was thin, and young and oh oh oh. And then we kept fighting. But then we went to a club. I was a person who sat in his house, and went to write as a journalist, sometimes as an unemployed blue collar worker. I was just a normal person. I see your face, then we drop. We drop, into a dance that was perfectly a movement in music. It was all about how a Marxist lives. How to be a Marxist. It is not simple to be a Marxist, I am full of ideas on life and friendships and radio broadcasting and cinema, but then we drop. And that's what I live for. The swerve.

XVI.

I am in France. I live by myself and we sit and read poems at night. We also write alot of material for music and radio. We are artists. I am listening to the music that is in the night, a metro ride away to the discotheque. We sit and plan the get together. We then drop our friends home. In between there is dance in French style. For which I ask you to come to the house and have a coffee or a drink, and then we go. We are the only ones, we are in love. In France, we sit together and talk first. After that we go to dance. It is as if there is a chemistry between two people, and they dance together. In the dance we express our love. J'taime. It means I belong to you. We then walk to the street where we have to part ways. J'promi l'existence et l'amour est decidi comme un danc.

XVII.

There is alot of dancing in the parties at backyards and in houses. In France, this is the form of life and existence that one expresses by asking for a friendship in college. Et, le college et l'ecole, du le sensible du experiance. In the college we do drugs, and we sit and talk about the music and cinema and books we read, see and hear. We then talk to Marxists and Communists about protests, and we go for demonstrations against the Sarkozy. This is important, but then its very le femme the French. They argue all the time about Mai 68, but we then get into music, djs and dancing and films. There is about following in the music. It is about being free and free to love. It is he a message, I'm the runner, he the rebel, and I'm the daughter waiting for you. It means that I look forward to a message from a militant, who is like a feminine man, and that's why he is like a daughter to the world. And then the woman, is a runner, she follows him, into the Maoist or Marxist-Lenninist-Maoist or even Trotskyist dead ends.

XVIII.

In India, there is a music and a dancefloor in every bourgeois household. It is the fine balance of things. It is finally music in Hindi and Urdu. There is a language of distinct figures. It is the aspiration of the people expressed in time and history. It is as if you come here okay. It is a way of saying keep coming closer. Here we fall in love and here we get married, and remain in love. There is class war and civil war at times. It is at peace with the people. There is alot of jazz to India. It is as if there is a world and a world apart. These two worlds, are mine. I am in pain, I am suffering and then I get into a musical piece on my phone and feel better. I am in love, when I go out with her for dinner. We sit and watch films together. It is a different syntax in Bandra Hill Road. Here we all, converge. We all sit in open road cafes and talk about things over chai, or tea. We drink tea together we walk around, we go fanaa. The word fanaa means, uplifted, even elated. We all sit in cinema halls and listen to people talking about cinema.

In India there is a verve of the political kind. There is another verve. It is that of Islam. We sit and talk about che'me, it is as if there is a Kashmir that is occupied by military forces. Here we live in the cold, in winter and are all hemmed in. We are living an emergency. And then we smoke cigarettes, we then talk about oppression and resistance. In Kashmir, the evenings are more vivid. The night is more erotic. There is a whole tradition of people, who follow this life. In Jharkhand, there are peasant guerillas. In Bihar this happens often that we get into gun culture.

There is no morning, no night, except that of political processes of Urdu poetry.

XIX.

I speak now in Urdu to communicate to the world, a specific language and culture and time and history:

Kabhi the toh Kabhi nahi

Kabhi the kabhi nahi,

bada kaam tha

jo zameen par,

guzar gayi,

chalo mia

sabr le lo

kabr le lo,

ghar mein aao na.

Main ab kavi hoon,

yeh awaazon mein,

main jag raha hoon,  
 raat hai,  
 zindagi so nahi paai.  
 hum gitar se wakif hain  
 mulakat nai ho rahi hai  
 Yeh pehla kaha.  
 In English, I am a American  
 In French, as well.  
 In Urdu, I am a poet.  
 These black, white, brown, and chinese problems  
 are now in transliteration.  
 When I speak in English,  
 I speak Americanism,  
 That is because that is English.

When I speak in Urdu,  
 I speak India,  
 and that is because it is Indian.  
 Ye farq isliye hain  
 kyunki itihās  
 sapar hai.  
 Sapar se toota  
 ghadi  
 kaam,  
 hua.

I want to explain this novel, or fiction.

There is blackness, brown and white. There are colours and history. There is a dancing position on history and race and class. There is a prose in English. And then one prose poem in Urdu. It implies the construction of a fresco, of history and dancing. There are different voices, all interviewed. There are all types of logic in philosophy and writing literature. In the end this book is about literature. It is to break the national frame, and become global. It implies that we are all part of a Latin America, so we are all part of a dancing situation or even life. It implies that world is a object of formal recognition. We are not Indians alone, we are also Americans and French. I think it is a work that in saral terms implies this equation:

$A = B$ .

$A = A$ .

$A = A + B$ .

This means that there is equality in the world, we are all the same language sometimes. But there is a world apart, a unique world, the French, the Urdu, the American and there is their union.

In simple or dense terms, this is a logic of worlds. It is identity, difference and transcendental reductions. So much for race, caste, class and sex. In a logic of worlds, all these identities and their differences are reduced to dancing and its history.

The history of dancing is the history of class struggle. Because there is a world divided and apart, after class. It is actually class that we express in dancing. It is because we express lyricism, and Urdu poetry is lyric in India and its workers. We are all lyrics. This because of the above equation.

The equation indicates, workers and peasants and their union with intellectuals dancing.

$A = A$  (Workers are Workers)

$A = B$  commutative (Workers are intellectuals, and intellectuals are workers)

$A = A + B$  (workers are intellectuals and workers, intellectuals are the same)

In terms of dancing, we liberate the workers by dancing. This is because love is an encounter that splits through all classes, into a singular event = we are dancing.

I now complete the book.

It is a logique du mondes in poetry.

XX.

There is the framing of the novel - it is a frame of dancing and equality before love. Then there is discussions on Marxism, and dancing. Then there is a history of dancing. In a structure of this structure there is the history of jazz. Jazz is a structure to this structure, because as a poet I understand that the framing of the logic of worlds, is actually a jazz frame. The jazz frame intervenes in the equality before love, by framing the equality into a jazz equality. As you know in jazz equality is a principle of the time-signature of a 4/4, which then gets varied. It implies that there is a jazz structure to the novel, and in a similar way to equality before love. Jazz is the frame of the equality before love. Jazz is the music of black people, that emancipates the black people. Just as music liberates workers in India or in France. It is all the same because jazz is a form in a form. I now elaborate this meta-structure.

There is Coltrane, Parker and Mingus and Miles Davis. These are four points in jazz, from be-pop to free jazz and soul jazz, and these forms are the praxis of dancing, in terms of the novel, which also has four points, France, America, India and the world, it is jazz that is the meta-novel here. I write it in lyrical form:

I am a black person. I listen to Mingus all night. It is an expression of a style. I am drinking to Coltrane, and I am a splinter that becomes my music. I am a woman, and I walk around in style, and am walking on a street that turns into a building where I am walking with my lover. I am a man, who is brown, and I have a gun, and I live in a neighbourhood to the black man and woman. We are all one race. We are all one people. I am a lyric, it is the movement of a man and a woman, and another man, as if they didn't know each other but lived in the same block. There is a deflection, a movement from one apartment to another, and there are moments, we pass each other by, but there is no recognition. We just are strangers. The music of Mingus, is that of our common interest, but actually we don't know each other. We are just ordinary people. We are workers, and writers and then we get along in our lives. I walk past him and he walks past me, we don't even notice each other.

I named my lover, by her name. I recognise her. I am a dancing lover. We meet in a dance situation, and talk, and drink all night.

XXI.

I am twenty nine years old, it is jazz in India. In India there is a melody, and it is rap and rock music. But there is also jazz from time to time. We sit in our apartments and keep writing the novels and scripts of future cinema sales. And we are artistic, and painters and philosophers. But there is a world, and it is the minimalism of Mingus' bass line, or cello bass. And then there is a lot of wandering, and meeting lovers, and talking in a bar.

XXII.

When will we meet next? We kind of hitch hike on a truck, and get home, it's called Awaara in Urdu, and we then meet one day, don't meet the next month, and then the drama of history unfolds before us in Mingus' Goodbye Pork Pie Hat, and we listen to music all night, and it's the lost generation. It is as if there is music and dancing, in the interludes, of a jazz ninth, and its symphony, that is in praxis dancing to history.

We are all part of the ensemble of praxis and it is to dance and revel, in the joy of black soul and pop and be-pop, and to be in a state of enthusiasm, and listen to the records on a stereo, and make a radio talk on the conditions of the people of the world.

Where can we meet I missed, the last sentence, of a paragraph.

We are the world, in the sense of blackness and dalitness and individual lyrics.

Lyrics express communism, and worlds, and France and temporality and absolutes.

XXIII.

So now I write about the way in which we encounter each other. If we're in an apartment block, and there is jazz and dancing. We are in rooms, and there we dance. And each dancer is a lover, and we are in a party. And there is no interaction, between the black man and the white man, and the brown man in history. What if I wrote, about these misunderstandings, as a theme and variation in dancing, where we must just let flow, the jazz into relationships, music and history. We should just get the soul of dancing. Like David Washington and Angela Davis in that Black Klansman film. To feel the soul, better get hit in yo' soul.

It implies there is an encounter, it is when the white, black and brown man, and the Chinese guy, work together in a Cuban salsa room. Where they are all in the history of race, and class and class struggle in the final destiny of communism. But perhaps things are more aleatory, they are about these misses and hits, these jazz beats, that make dancing forever fun and loving.

XXIV.

Luli is dancing.

XXV.

I am nothing. I am a man, who sits and reads. I walk late at night to the bar. There we talk about melodies and harmonies intervening in our lives. Our lives are all about the midnight local, to Bandra. At times, we are just interested in lovers and friends, we meet at some odd point in the night and then get into a dance. I am not the person who writes lyrics just as I am the person who talks in a late night Bresson cafe. I am in India, where the music is felt like soul jazz. It is to go to a political party and discuss at length, the time-signature and rhythm of a worker and peasant politics. We are just interested in the trains sometimes.

In the train, we sit and smoke cigarettes. A series of cigarettes, and rum, and charas. We are all in the train, and it's a meeting in Mumbai, that is being planned. I plan the moves, the lecture, and the meetings. In the planning, is the late night form of the train. In the train, we are getting hit on our souls. We are thinking of Koestler, and the gulags, how they got there and how they ended up thinking of it as a festival. In jazz dancing, there is a moment for the past, even as the present is its temporality.

In other words, we sit and argue out the case for jazz and dance clubs, in trains all night long.

XXVI.

We are in a world trip to drugs. It means that there is a logic to jazz. It is the 4/4, and a series of rhythms and improvisations on a scale. It introduces a picture perfect jazz. The picture is a man who is part of the hotels and budget nights in a late night jazz form. He sits and smokes and contemplates. He is the Wong Kar Wai, cigarette going to the tubelight scene. He is also, the man who sits and contemplates the jazz form of silence and speech. We talk while listening to jazz in the house. We sometimes, just sit and listen to the music, without talking. Aires and I are listening to jazz in the summer afternoon. We are poor and handsome, and we don't need money. We are in a position to drink rum and talk all night. But in the afternoon, we are calm, and collected. We are listening to jazz and shift from thinking, to writing, in endless cigarettes.

Sometimes, we just fall asleep to jazz music. Sometimes we unwind, after a day job and get going. It's be-pop, when we get ready and go out on a detective search for the next task. It is to meet a journalist and talk about working class and peasant politics. From here we land up in the hostel at the uni, and there we sit and talk about the way we need to move towards the south, and turn political processes into demonstrations. And then we catch the local, and meet a worker and talk about wages. And then we get back home and unwind, and smoke cigarettes. And then in the late evening, we sit together and smoke some pot. And then we get ready to go for a strike. In a drug form, we get ready to sober down. Then finally, we walk away, towards the night and late night, which is all about typing on a typewriter, the future of literature.

XXVII.

We are walking around in a world of poetry. We sit and write songs, and smoke cigarettes. We even contemplate the form, and sculpture of Greek poetry. We then operate on love, and it is not an operation, but a hanging out. We stand in the balcony, and observe the world of apartments and neighbours. We are on the verge of revelation, when we go to visit archaeological sites. We are historians. I am a working class man. I am a writer, I write about jazz.

I am a black man, and I sit and get ready to go to the meter of a taxi driver. I am a woman, black and African-American, we are sitting in a jazz concert seat, and we then go out for a dance.

I am a white man, we understand black people, and understand that the only way to feel each other is to dance the jive and the be-pop style.

I am dalit, and it is all about literature. I write in a form of Gramscian concrete analysis. I am an organic intellectual. I discuss the form of Marxism, displaced onto blackness and dalitness.

XXVIII.

I am in a series of troubles. I am poor, I am a poet and I am in a budget hotel which I can no longer afford. I am a person, who thinks about one way streets, and their diversion, to a bar. Where all night I sit and read and write. To be at bars, and then to get drunk is a literary metaphor. It implies that I understand literature. I am also at times, writing extensively. I hear the music at the bar, and write to it. I am also going out of the bar, to get more cigarettes. I then sit and write and read, all night in my flophouse. I am making notes on personal life. Here take a look.

I Tired bodies

I am tired these days. I don't play basketball like I used to. The soul is at work, while our bodies are disappearing. I am alone, but in love. I have no time, for meeting people. This is because all of jazz is a contemplation on meetings, and hang outs. I don't go for parties anymore. But I love the fact of a party, like a picture. So much Wittgenstein.

II Life as jazz

I spoke to Mingus. We were playing to an audience, that was I alone in a room. I understand nothing less than, what I hear. I hear my life in expansive rhythms. There is a hook, in each of Ah Um, and therefore I wait, for the hook in life. That happens rarely, but it is like hanging out with friends for a coffee and a cigarette.

III Cuba

In Cuba, they say that black people are free. Women are free. And gay people are free. I am personally a Cuban individual at times. It is to remember Ernesto and Fidel, and the guerilla war, which established a better world. It is then jazz music and salsa. It is the movement of the bodies, without looking at your feet moving. It is as if we just relate, our bodies our lives, our love.

XXIX.

Then we get going, it is late at night and it's raining. Now for Mingus. And now for a return to the nature of things. We contemplate, we walk around empty streets lit by neon light hotels. We walk into the nature of things. We are just a quartet, that plays jazz on the radio. I am a woman, and I see that there is a love in the nature of things.

XXX.

And then it all starts going. We are in a discotheque again. We understand the nature of life to mean pure nature. We then go for a dance. It is also, fanaa. I am uplifted and elated. I am in happiness. I am saying that there is an aspiration to meet at a club. I am talking about aao na, you come here okay. It is another way of saying.

I am a woman who met a man at a club, and we were dancing and that's how we met. We then went into a series of meetings, that is encounters, at my house, at a beach. And we kept talking, and that's why it was so beautiful. It was like catching a bus, and going on a route and coming back, day after day. We were really hitting it off. We were talking and talking and talking.

It was like the first day we met. At the club. Clubs are really special in India, because there is novelty everywhere. We also hang out at pubs and coffee shops. We live entirely by love. We are fanaa.

XXXI.

You come here okay. I am walking in a street and then it all lights up. I am flowing through rhythms and I am telling you about the party and Shaa's. We all went there and spoke about cinema. That's you here alright. And it is I am there in a way, you don't understand. I am at the beach, and we are singing, you sequence it.

It is late at night. Another ontological difference or moment. It is a preparation for the night. It is a sequence. It is music, in aleation. I am in a world by itself. I then go and then I dance. I am with her and she speaks to me about the nature of things. We are discotheques. We are nights. We are aleation. We are talking about the way things just go. I am talking about remixes. We feel the music when we argue out the case. The case is like this.

It goes like this. I am in synthetic movements of sound. The sound is amplified by the initiation into a situation. It is then divergent and converges into a sound boarding. It is as if, there is a remix to our lives at this point. It is just as a logic takes over. It is the sound the sound.

I want you to come here okay. I want to say that coffee is a drug. I want to meet you, I want to tell you about life as I know it. I want there to be a forum. I want there to be a phalanx. But more than that I want there to be pure infinity. It is like we're flight ready and silent. This reduction is then a difference. it is the movement of music as electronic and firm and steady. Let's keep it going.

XXXII.

I am opening my eyes. I see the night. I then close my eyes and dance. We are in the night, we are in love, we are exploring the life of love. We are relating in love. We are here okay. You come on time, you come over. I and this moment will last forever with you. I am in the moment. I am sound and frequencies and amplitude. I am your something.

Then it all crashes down. It is like a crash, the music, you and I. It is crashing into me. I am in a form of encounter. It is the logic of desiring a man who kept silent and away and then came so close. I am in love with you.

Let's hit the night. Let's break on through. Let's electronica our dance. Our sex is different. It is a distinct language. It is music and lyrics and sound and movements of the body.

XXXIII.

Fanaa. I am a woman. I like walking around the backyard with a lover. I also like going to shop for mint leaves and oranges. I am with him on the phone. We talk all night sometimes. We then go for a logic of sense. It is the frequency of going out with this man. He likes meeting every week. Sometimes every day. We hang out and go for dances. We also listen to music and talk in the room, at my bed. We are always talking.

In some sense, we are fanaa.

XXXIV.

The jazz to all this is a dipping, lip, lip, lip, lip. It is the beats of dances and music and rhythms. It is to be lost to the world, happy and in love. There is a break, a drop into life and existence. It is also this night, this love, and this jazz night.

XXXV.

After all, we were jazz. Then we became poems. Then we were fanaa. We were at the night and contemplative. And there was a man, a tall man. He walked in and talked in poetry. From figures to dances. From dance to figures. It is a fact again.

XXXVI.

I am a shadow on the sun by Audioslave.  
Once upon a time  
I was of the mind  
To lay your burden down  
And leave you where you stood  
And you believed I could  
You'd seen it done before  
I could read your thoughts  
And tell you what you saw  
And never say a word  
But now all that is gone  
Over with and done  
Never to return  
And I can tell you why people die alone  
I can tell you I'm a shadow on the sun  
Staring at the loss  
Looking for the cause  
And never really sure  
Nothing but a hole  
To live without a soul  
And nothing to be learned  
And I can tell you why people go insane  
I can show you how you could do the same  
I can tell you why the end will never come  
I can tell you I'm a shadow on the sun

Catastrophe  
by Shomit Sirohi

I

He is in a morning light. It is five. I get up, go out and everything is changed. In a minute, I run out of the road and reach another. There a car hits his adjacent building. It is all a morning, where the buildings are windows, in a sounded object of organised forques of people. There is a screaming, blood spills everywhere, come and see the blood on the road. In a half hour later, the road is a consequent.

I am in my mother's room. I live here, and think of her memories. I only knew her once. We met and were speaking on the telephone. I then went to the forque. We were talking there. I met her once there. I kept ordering my coat. I was carrying a file. It had my writings in it. I wrote in a French dialect. We kept talking and laughing. The sound of the morning passed. I then met Jacques. He was a detective. I met him when I drove my car. I met him at the radio station, he was a policeman. We were passing a theological judgement, even an astronomical distant remembrance of my mother. Jacques went off to the police station. I was called in. It was an interrogation. A year earlier, I was on a cycle. There the policeman caught me. I went into the room and waited. I was released.

Seven days later I met a woman. She was with her fiance. We speak on the phone. I went to my mother's grave and sat there. It was raining. I am now in my mother's living room. Here we met and died, for one hour. I kept cycling. I was on the steps. I was moving in elipses. I reached another destination. There I met Jacques' colleague. He was Francoise, and he told me about the ending. Endpoint. He gave me a lesson on life. He said, there are three destinies to a person, either he travels on a line, reaches a place or ends. I am in a terminal hospital bed. I cried, I kept crying. And then I thought of my mother. She would have never allowed it. I am there with this man. I met my lover many years later. She was at the hospital. She wore a blue dress. I talked to her. Why are we here? I told him, to leave. We both left.

I, stepped out. Morning light. We were together. It was a little love. We felt that we were in a perfect day. I walked with her, and it was all, breaking worlds, a lot of people ran in distinct roads, and it was catastrophe.

II

In a few minutes. I run upstairs and meet Jacques. He calls a friend on the phone. We are going out on the road. He tells me it is a logic of numbers. We are both friends. We are in fact close friends. I went into the radio station and got a police file. We were all about the noise. Jacques is a detective. He is searching for the papers, and case of a man who was lost to us. He was a man, who died in a firing. Jacques speaks to many people on the phone. I am his comrade. I am in fact only an observer. Jacques is filing papers, and I am standing at the door. I am in his house. He is a thinker of detective work. I am in fact talking to my lover about his work. Jacques calls me and takes my gun. I told him it is all so funny. That we are in the same room, but barely talk. In seventeen minutes he goes down. I am listening to his arguments. I am in a room, with his fiance. We talk about language and essays she wrote on politics.



I, find myself in a car accident.

III

*Where were you? I was in a car. Do you speak French? I know nothing of the language. I am your doctor. I am in a Kabbalistic sphere. I am your numbers and mathematical figures, I speak about outer space. Where in this April are you? You speak I fall April.* I am a sound. It is an investigation Jacques told me. I am his fiancée's friend. We are all on a road. We are in a empty cafe. I am his music. I understand that he is closing in on a case. Let me explain the case. I laughed. I kept laughing. There are people crossing the road. What is their point? I don't understand you Jacques. I can't tell. Jacques is sitting on the floor. He is reading newspapers. What is the case about? You forgot to tell me. I told you it is about some man, I laughed.

I left the house. I met my lover. It was like the rain. I was smoking a cigarette. I even felt graceful. She touched my hair. I ruffled it. I don't know, just where I'm going.

IV.

I was lying down on the bed. I kept laughing. Where did we meet? I don't even remember. What was your name? I found out about that later. What sense does it make? That we all die. What is the point of living then? It is inherently funny. I even think that man there doesn't know about death coming closer every day or year, it depends on the way you see it. Isn't it humorous, that we will all die at different points of time, and there is no meaning to life. I sat on the road and felt the blood on my head reach my shirt.

Jacques told me it was my mother's case he was trying to solve. There are no clues, no suggestions, no evidence, no culprits. The case doesn't solve by itself. I told him he was a very honest man to tell me what the case was about. But why banter around, why not just solve it. It can't be solved easily. Then she must just have died.

I met Ila. We walked together. She held my hand. Your hand in mine. I walked with her. I, don't know, just where I'm going. In the hospital, I cried. And then came the sound. We were all blasted out, blood everywhere, blood everywhere.

V.

Wrong, moitrima wrong. This is injustice in mathematics. No it is a logical contradiction in Hegel, that is what you missed. Take the matheme and make it a contradiction. I teach this way, if you do not contradict the previous step, its wrong. I went into the book store. We stole a book. I said it was so funny. I was all tangled, it is an intertangement in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Like tangled hair. I was all about Mao at one point in life. And then its funny, but she died. I said what is the case all about, it is like an accident. It doesn't matter who did it, I said to Jacques, because, the endpoint arrives. Jacques reasoned on all questions, he solved the case. It was a chance in seventeen distinct directions, all logical moves. A leads to B and then C. And this is a simple case now. Let me explain targetted guessing. It is a social reason, and then a diagonalised reason. It cannot be the family, the family is a level, but then it is someone poor, but the poor is not related to a simple law. So it is someone rich. But the rich man is not responsible. So it is finally a friend. But the friend remains a friend. I will tell you, it is not anyone of these targetted people. It is finally a man there, just there. He is a squarish man, he is finally, a missed friend. No no, wait, I have the answer. It is a man or another man, or someone else. It is, I will tell you. That man. Because he has a case, on him. I matched the case. He got the case on him because he was in police custody for buying a weapon. It is that man, I tell you. I explained to Jacques, that that man was indeed the man, because I know him. He was my mother's friend. He was finally of the belief, that this incident, is freedom struggle related material. She was crossing the line. I call it a thin red line. The line crossed, was in fact the road crossed. And it was in the end, a mistake, an accident.

VI.

Jacques went to the door, he opened it and met Onsel. He was the man accused. He arrested him and took him to the police station. He caught his arms and handcuffed him. He even wrote down his details. He was then angered by fate. This man has no reason. No reason after all. I was then his witness. I spoke to the judge. The case was solved. Jacques recounted each step of reason. He wrote down his narrative. He took a weapon, and shot another man, on the road. Plain killing. He shot him in the head. And said, this is fate.

Jacques had seven more people to take in. He went to the terrace of a building, and counted on his companions to enter into seven rooms, in seven distinct places, all buildings and rooms. He then set them off. They all shot at their encountered criminals. It all took place on the same day. It was a lightness. I was in the police car. I got off, and checked my watch. It was nine, in the night.

VII.

I was blacking out in blood. I was staring at the sky. I was aware of the heavens. Sprawled on the ground was another person. I was walking with blood in my head pouring down. It was a disaster. I ruffled my hair and found more wounds. I was sitting down. I was looking at my lover, she was trying to find me. It was all chaotic. I saw another man jump into a bus, it hit him at a hard angle. This was then black outs, several seconds. I met a friend, who held my hand. I was unbuttoning my tie and suit to breathe. Ila, was falling down.

### *Novel One*

*I, another man, in a year, I into a Roman world. In this never understand the rigour, of times, a slave came to me and I walked past. I in the house, there is a noise, it is music. Words make no sense. I am on a telephone. You cannot follow, the rhythm of the end. It is a logic beyond lyrics, it is a star in the night. I in Rome, Spartacus. I in Rome, the discourses of Livy. He is the wonder, I his servant, and friend. This is a memory, it follows the Archiologue, and withdraws into a night language, there is no meaning, I am withdrawing. I stand in between two epochs, there is a slave, he comes past my house. I am speaking to the man, there is no language, that grasps the stones falling from the sky, and is an eclipse. In a future April, I talked to Livy. He spoke of history.*

*Arriving, somewhere, but not here. I am trying to transmit to you a new form. It is not this contemplative materialism. It is not the language that you explore. Out of this form, a new thing arises. It is to be written in a times new roman.*

I am a man, who walks, into buildings. He sits, and types all night. It is 1975. I am in the past. I sit and write alot along the lines of, Rebecca. She and I used to do a little thing. I am in the future, somewhere between

writers and scientists. I treat the object of discourse a little differently. I jive, when I find the time. With my lover, we are both, in love with science fiction. In the afternoon, we sit, read, and write long letters. I talk to her on the telephone, and travel alot. It is train stations, bus stands, and different places. I kind of new, that in the end, it's a bit of bravery, repetition and forms of consciousness in Marx. Just for Today, I'll tell you what this novel means. It began as a contemplative piece on searching for time. It has something to do, with the way in which novels get lyrical about history.

But there is a new type of history underway. It is to displace the whole, Roman, Greek, and Soviet times, into a new type of writing. In this the epistles, are not my form. They are multiple forms. That is essentially what I want to explore in this piece. The piece is like a gun, that I carry, it is my notebooks, and shaving kit. It is like, electricity, became a moment of the novel. I kind of think that, I figured it out what you say, but now that you're gone away, and everything turns out wrong. And you left me. I was waiting for your call. I am the kind of man, that sits and waits for eternity, for a woman to call back. I figured it out. I was writing, a book on Endgame by Beckett, when she called. We were, a new kind of logic. I talked about how it's been so long. And she said, she wanted to talk about us in a deflected manner. I told her that I want to listen to her words, in a kitchen like room, in a room I meant. And she said not right now. I tend to burst into music.

Anyway, so I felt that there was a girl. In my life, and there were. transmissions to be made. I am a radio man. I sit in markets, and smoke cigarettes. I am usually alone. A failing, I can't explain. It's just that I could never hold her on. I bet that there is a mix of drugs and music, in the life of someone, who can't hold on. Anyway, there is a break, a rhythm, and a cliffhanger. I read Trotsky's notes on the perma revolution, and it was a bit jazz, in our times. In the 1970s, where I don't belong, I kind of used to smoke marijuana, and talk to people on the telephone. We showed, the way, to a new language, a new form. It was like in a transmission, urdu poetry with jazz. Try it out.

\*

Main, kisi aadmi ka dost. Isman, mera naam. Mai, ke shole mein. Main jazz sun raha tha. Iska kya matlab? Main Sindhu-stan se, koi, anokha aadmi. Mai, Koestler ki kahaniya phir se likhunga.

I am a man. I walk in streets. I sell music. I sell poetry. That is mera kaam-vaam. Phir main, teen shabd bolta hoon. I love you. Iske gaane gaata hoon. Phir kya? Ek aur transmission.

I think if you kind of walk, into a Morrisson hotel. I think you'll find The Doors. I wrote alot of novels along the lines of The Doors. It was a sunny evening, where I saw the sublime, of long shadows. And I kind of dwelt, on the shadows, and its darkness. It was a constant thing. Nothing went past the author, of these notes, cause there is a syntax. It is not the kind of syntax one understands. Is this an interview? I say that there is melody, in diverse contradictions, exploding into a fucking straw on coffee. I was just the kind of person, who sat and wrote on quantum physics, even as he could not explain a thing. I wrote a bunch of literary experiments, I call novels. I then lapsed into poetry. I said that if you felt it, I'm a sailor, on a ship, on a sea. The stars aren't seen. I am your jazz. I am your synthesis, of a thesis and anti-thesis. It works this way. Advice to a writer.

Take a sentence, find its style, is what you think. Actually just type away to music.

I in the room, listening to the beats, and rhythms of a man in love with Koestler's adaptations of the world, and communism and soviet times, into a breakthrough, of a discourse, that was at one point lyricism on Rome and Proust. That then became a meditation on form. It had something to do with, grasping the Beats. The beatniks, the one's who couldn't explain how the grammar of jazz, was part of an explosive Whitman. The United States of America, I sing the body electric, as I say of sex, with the most beautiful, little darling of mine. Then we beat, okay. I shift to Koestler. But what the fuck about the beginning man? It is a bit lyrical, but not what we call form, huh?

Actually its all a bit of experimentalism. I started in Rome, came to fucking Russia, lapsed and shouted and Howled on my knees. I then came to lyrics, and it is in a distant way a re-make of that fucking jazz novel, lyrics. That I wrote. Taking a break. Now I'm back. I want to talk about like, Morrisson and the Beats, and then like Roberto Bolano and infra-realism, that has a new guy, Shomit Sirohi, the author of these lyrics, or notes, let's get it a bit Dadaist.

I was walking on like some fucking street. Poor as fuck, then like got some money, like a whole lot. And remained poor. I was a poet, I remain a poor. I listen to the most beautiful music. And it just flows, like a man who is finally from the gang, of Bolano loving, Indians, who listen to Metallica and Radiohead, and Koestler adaptations which I found in a bad spot, when I was younger. It remains the most beautiful ideas, I want to share with my lover. It is like electric guitars, curbed down to a few strummings on a guitar, and a few notes, a few stars, no refrain and a cigarette. I smoke, and I think about how life is like this melody, it just becomes an art. It is just symphony that guides all of us, into an afternoon room, in Hyderabad, where I was waiting for my lover to come over, and meet me. Which happened later. I broke my bones, on an accident. And she kind of came over. And we sat and spoke about May 68, in Paris, France. The dream of all those militant, and poetic friends, in India. So we're political types, or activists back in the day. We lived a humble life, a couple of us read Bolano. And that's the story.

So now, let's get a bit Kierkegaardian. We were in love with the melody, of music and friendship. And then we all kind of fell in love with each other, and then lost friends, went marooned on a ship, at some island. H.G. Wells and all. But we were talking all day for hours on the phone, and on the landline telephone. And we were in love with the way in which we just got each other. And then a girlfriend for a couple of months, we broke up. Because she had to leave, I kind of let her go, and said we'd pick it up later. Love will never change, it'll always remain. But then we kind of met once, when I was in a political kind of gathering, where I first met her in a new life, that I chose. I kind of decided to drop out of studies, become a drug junkie, and artist later. Anyway so, so much for that. I still love her. That girl was really kind, and really sweet. I missed out the whole, relationship, but it all works in a way okay. So later I met her, it was all cinematic and like a moment we shared, and what's it going to be I asked, and she kind of said it work out, but we never could meet. I thought I'd be alone for a long long time, and be depressed or aleatory materialist or something.

And then it happened. With my lover, who is someone else. She was a woman, truly a woman. I fell in love at a political spot. And then I told her about Lou Reed and Metallica, and we were sublimely in love. And that's my story. For you, if you're willing to read. Then they tell me, she's in another country and I'm talking to her everyday though we can't meet much these days. She was living with me, when we fell in love. And I lapsed into poetry with her. And then it was like, she and I will make it forever. Then I became a doctor, artist,

philosopher, punk, junkie and lover. And I kind of know her very well. We know each other well. Going to tie the knot and all. Currently a fiancé.

And then there is the distance, it's hard, but we're forever. And then now I lapse into fiction. What kind of fiction? Something surreal, or infra-real?

\*

A sound. Someone walks with a gun. And leaves us. We are all absolutely happy. I am in a studio. It is a lover's hotel, room for two. And I am the man with a gun, which is actually, a story I once wrote. It is a man in an apartment, which is somewhere in Berinag, Uttarakhand India. I went there to ask a girl out. And she kind of said yes, but I figured no. And then it was a misunderstanding, which never kind of worked out. And it was fights and all attempts at mutual understanding failed. And we kept fighting about all kinds of things. And I was in love with her. And it finally worked out.

I then went to a plot, of land, and lived in an apartment. It was all science fiction. I kind of read Soviet writers, and American novelists, and became a poet, after a lot of language issues, which couldn't be sorted in the relationship. All poems = lover. I thought, and I would sit and think about the darkness at night. I stayed up till four. And then got a gun. Janie's got a gun, new world's come undone. And I just left, and went to the battle ground in Rome, among Tullius and Spartacus and fought is what I meant. The fight, all this war, all this war.

To my surprise, we figured out a friend circle that could co-operate. Her friends, her time, her style. Her words, I liked them all. But I had my own friends. And they were in love. And back in the days for the longest time I was alone. And they kept telling me you'll fall in love. But I was alone, and reading and fighting with myself, on how fucking complicated everyone is around me. When the fuck are we meeting man? I am a junkie. I know, but it helps me out. And so everything turned out like that back then. And so we kind of left the house and went out very often.

And then the music began. We met, we stole a car and went to Hyderabad. That's what the delicate sound was about. It was about the love taking its sway and going to a new city, or even some new place, or even a street, to drink our rum and water. And it was about uncompromised love. And the Greeks kind of made it there because it was very tragic in the beginning we were following it like long durations of waiting, like class struggle and all that.

And then, there was the next song. A bit of politics intervening, a bit of music listening. We sat and watched a film all night, and it was like about Chile in the 1977 period. And it was New Year's Eve. And then there were outings. Dining at some place in Paharganj. Where May and I had Humus and pita bread, that I tried to make at home. All of this is Raymond Carver in India, that is what I was telling her. What do people talk about when they talk about love? And that's the delicate sound.

And then came the breeze. Sunlight in your hair. I kept saying are you here? Like really really here. In the strict phenomenological sense. In a coffee house, we call India coffee house, where we used to meet for political minuting of useless and useful meetings. And we had an imagination on a philosopher, and then I kept reading. I thought I'd write you this song, and take your sadness away. This is pure lyricism I'm bursting into because I'm in love with a woman. I think that there is a sadness to my life, that is how I live alone and she's somewhere busy, always surrounded, till Sunday morning, when we meet.

In the way in which the world kind of explodes into nights of drinking and singing and politics and working class activism, which didn't go very well because I had a problem of not being able to express myself at it nevertheless. So nevertheless, like nevermind, is to tear it apart and find a heart, which is what Apartment was about. I was looking into a television that belonged to the 1990s, where I and my brother would sit and watch Metallica's videos, and some films, and then we went out to the theatre, and there were friends, and we still talk.

There can be no mistaken. So here I end my first story. Let's call it Recapitulation and New Rules.

There is no sense, I used to say, to the nature of sound. Then I said there was life. And an apartment, where we lived and followed the police on us. Which is world police, a song I used to listen to and then this work is a re-make of Lyrics. How it should be. Life as we know it. And then there is Lyrics itself, about politics explicitly, and Naxalism specifically, but actually about college, drugs, politics in relationships, tragedies and comedies in Hegel, all of which I called a fiction in Borges, it's all up in the air. Where I first met a woman, who took me to a cinema hall to watch youth films. I want to say that largely interpreting is done this way. I'll later say this is how to write history. It's a new form, I'm so lonely. But we carry on. And we're talking on the phone all day and all night. It's like melody. Shawtie is like a melody. A girl that could write you a song. And she is like that.

\*

Another story, another time. I was walking across the book rack store. I kind of felt that there was a long history of how my lover and I met at the book store. She had a way of telling me, what it was that made her believe in me and my job. We were, listeners of music together. We were also, love letter people. She wrote to me I know you're feeling real low, you've got to make it alright. And I was taking her away, to the distant places in town, sitting and talking about working class politics. Which as I nevermind, was always taking her to and away from. I was with her all night, in a discotheque place near where we lived. I took her by her arms, and maybe she said, you will be the one that I said, goes like this, I am the man, whoever you want me to be like. She said then you are listening to the Cans. I said yeah, that's quite right.

So three words, you have taken, three words from me. It is always like there is a soft voice, in your heart, for me. I am at the place where we meet. It's a corner shop, where music is played, the fucking Cans or sometimes, at the other place, Sitar music. I told you once that listening to this Hindustani music, is like dream pop. You are very foreign. And I am your muse. I am also your boyfriend. We should be going to every night scene, at the guitar shows, and rock concerts and dream pop parties of the gang, of poets and activists. I had a falling out with the philosopher I was following. I told Shanks, that I follow only poems now. He said what about friends and life and all of that? I told him, that friends are all in their own rooms, and apartments, and I meant that I will write to them on the mail. I posted, hello, from this side of the world, room and apartment.

In a small piece of sailing music, I told them that I missed them. Got all my ducks in a row, and its summer time soon, and I am on a Portland ship, actually a yacht, and its not mine. But we're like that now I meant. And then there were talks, here and there, which ended with conversations on love. Like an infinite sea, or

number of posts, on a mail thing. I kind of told them, that it is a conversation about the best things in the world. It is all on, the music of comedies that we used to see. Like that afternoon, we sat and watched In Which Annie Gives it Those Ones, and sat at home for a long time, and kicked in a bit of beer at night. So Rafu, always says that I take seven beers, in every party we've been to and then leave. At about 4 am. It's melody. But it's also a bit of politics. I come for my drinks, with you guys and leave.

\*

We are, who we think we are. She and I had coffee, at night at the store. We were in the best life that we thought will take us to infinity. We kind of felt that there is a vibe to life. A wavelength and a frequency. Though there is alot more to relationships. But we started on a boat, that took us to waves. We got complicated. And that's a wave in Bolano. It is also, that things crash. We get into disagreements. Like on music and television. And then there are films that we love. We fall in love, and we're always talking about how to get things into a rhythm. It is like the mode of debating has to change, to accompany us in our flow. It is that there was a time, when she rode a bike, and I used to take the buses. We met at a coffee shop. Then we talked about metaphysical things. Like the way her hair drops on her neck. And the way she dresses when she's going to meet you, sometimes. All the rest, is up to Ulysses. What I thought was that I'd grow up, to write a novel. I wrote a few. And then I thought that this would be my Ulysses. I haven't read the book but know that it's a comparison with Odysseus. I thought that maybe, we can freewheel through it. But as I think of it, life, teaching, journalism, all of that falls under it. I can't put a name on it, but this feeling of typing away to Koestler's music, fits into the imagination of Ulysses.

So I haven't met her for a while. She's in Sweden at the moment. And I am in India. I dial her number, but there is only voice mail. Because she's busy, attending to a kind of book festival. And then I say, let me go meet her. But then as I walk, as I love is all I can say, people tell me that I'm required to stay in India, because there is time to write a novel and a film or a piece of music, and this is its time. If I say no, she calls me and says you're in a right place. You're like love to me. And I feel that there's a lot of history, of loneliness and poems. I am missing you more everyday, but you got hang on she says. It's all jazz now. They also say, you need to wait, because that's what relationships are about. You got to let her be busy, engage in life, independence and all that. Shaa asks do you really believe that, is it not an excuse? I have to believe it, because everyone is telling me this.

It's all music between us. We talk on the phone. My mother doesn't believe a word on us. According to her, we haven't met in ages. I still tell her, we're in love forever. And so I sit and watch the opera. I am engaging in intellectual debate. I am trying to read up and write this novel. She is currently reading for the engaged business of the book festival. We talk all day, and all night, but we're far away from each other.

So I felt like saying, you're away but thank god we're love. I remember the days I took a car, and drove all over town. And then I got dressed, and went out for a job, and spent a week at work. But there were times, I used to see you, when were getting to know each other as friends. Oh, oh broken hearted. You used to feel like the friendship takes us everywhere. To the lake, to the city nights, to the autos into Autrumn lane. Everywhere. Where I once cracked a joke, does your phone work? Because you're never available. We still meet, and then we once looked into each other's eyes. It was like love.

I feel like letting you know. How much we are fond of the same things. We are showing you a way of handling your back. You need to go for Tai Chi. It's also a good idea, to meet friends at the Ice cream store near Saket, in Delhi, India. I want to tell you that we're looking for too many people, and we have a lot of distant friends, but we'll get it going alright. Anyway back to Ulysses.

\*

Well. I was typing away. I thought that the plot is important, but as Borges says about Cortazar, sometimes you need no plot. So I started writing. It had something to do with, my lover and relationships and philosophy. And then it became about the book itself. Which is where we are. I don't want to write about the Marxist philosophy of history anymore. I want to get into the real nature of a person. It is necessarily a lyric. It is like flows of music, that Koestler wrote.

What does this represent? It is a style, a form, and an improvised piece of rhythm in Cortazar. What if I said, instead let us write as do others. Let us mistaken the real form for the actual person. So in Ulysses, Stephen Daedelus takes a history class. That is all I know. So what if I took a history class. And I am the portrait of the artist as a young man. What if this is all there needs to be for a whole new Ulysses. Not to mention that I heard, it is all set in one single day. A certain June in Dublin, Ireland. What if I took the idea, of my day in real life. I am not a sailor, I am not exactly a teacher. I am unemployed, but also a writer and a poet. So what's a day in my life like?

I wake up early enough. Around eleven a.m at times, at times around ten. I get ready for work on the older days, and these days I have no work, no friends to meet, because we're all distant and talking on and off. So I then head to the central plaza, and buy my coffee to go. And then I walk around the plaza, and have my lunch. After that I tend to remember Anne, the one I first loved. But sometimes, I just walk around and think of films, or theatre, or music, or the letter I am supposed to write. I think of Ar, and she's there for me, for the rest of my life. And then we talk, it's complicated but it's on another network, so I don't believe it's happening though it is. And then we get lost in translation. Readings in the evenings sometimes, sometimes its music, sometimes its poetry written in every direction. And then I go to sleep. This is certainly not Ulysses you'll say. But actually it is a single day in my life that stretches into European history, and Latin America, and United States. It has every city, every street written into it.

I am not the man you think is normal. I have a tendency to tell you that every life is like Ulysses' life. He is a man who lives for stolen moments. He arranges his day like a normal day. But there's something to it. Something unexpected, a train to the outskirts. I met a friend at the market. I got dressed to go out. And that's the unexpected thing about life. It turns into every direction. And that's the journey that takes place One day. It has something to do with The Doors, and Can and Koestler. We are all in the same place, the same street, the same road. We are all in cars, we are all walking around with a walkman, we are all flowing together.

\*

I am writing a novel. I think it has something to do with who I am. Perhaps, the Marxist that I also try to be, is failing at explaining real life. Life is alot more about how, we are in a party drinking beer or rum as the case

may be. It's also about adventures. When I went out with Ar, to the outskirts and saw so many things. The ferris wheel, the ice creams, the dance at the house. I remember everything we did. Three words you have spoken. We are just like that. It is also about talking about things.

What do people talk about when they talk about life and friends and love? Perhaps there is a new thing to it. We can go out or we can stay in. We can take a train, or catch a flight, or go for a concert. But then it's all a bit of symphony. It's the impossible flight we take every day. I think it's all about lyricism. We need a new wave. We need a new city. We need to catch the train. We need to understand each other. We need to meet for a drink. But perhaps what we need most is to hang out at the coffee shop.

And then we get bored. There is nothing happening. It's the same thing every day. But what if it was also new. What if we did something new everyday. What if there was time for the university. What if we sat and signed up for a course on history. That I began with - Rome and Greece and India and class struggle and the Peloponnesian war. What if that got interesting? What if then we learnt a new language. My pre-occupation in the delicate sound, was a new language, that eclipsed our old language. What if there was a need to be in a delicate sound of 1971. What if we needed to explode into lyricism.

All patterns in a kaleidoscope. All shifts and figurings out. All about this night. Here I end the novel.

Novel Two

Lyrics or Poems

I

I am the night,  
It is our kalleidoscope,  
Under the sky,  
We are at once,  
The body,  
the electric,  
United States  
and India.

II

I am a novel,  
It is rock music,  
that I listen to,  
Sometimes  
In a car,  
on the road,  
To Shaa's.

III

We speak,  
In music,  
Lifts,  
And Anticipation,  
What we anticipate,  
and feel,  
On an airplane,  
Leaving,  
On a jet.

IV.

A new rhythm,  
In a group,  
playing Lola  
Hanging out,  
Infinite  
Music.  
I am lost on this road,  
I walked down,  
And met you,  
In a rock concert.  
We kept dancing,  
It was a night to remember.  
Perhaps,  
this is Loca,  
I like the pop.  
I look to the skies.  
And wonder.  
Tonight.

V

Lost my way,  
We're dancing,  
It's tonight,  
It's tonight.  
Can you help?  
You always help.  
It's tonight.  
Electric guitars sweep,  
Clean and distorted,  
Like a break,  
It's happiness,

Tonight.  
VI.  
Hello Ar,  
It's happening again,  
I would run,  
But I can't stand still,  
You're making me  
Laugh,  
Dance,  
Live.  
I can't help,  
Falling in love,  
With you.  
VII  
Magic,  
You,  
Standing,  
In,  
the porche,  
And I meeting you,  
Anticipate,  
Our love,  
I am yours.  
Forever.  
And today,  
Like you said,  
I'm letting it out,  
I'm letting you,  
I'm yours.  
This earbrace,  
this weird thing,  
On the road,  
I am in magic,  
It's you,  
I understand.  
We are,  
In love.  
IX.  
New Rules,  
New pre-occupations,  
New novels,  
You are the moment,  
Understood,  
When we hear,  
The Doors,  
And listen to melodies,  
It is all this moment,  
I have with you,  
Shala la la,  
It is only this,  
space,  
In infinite pictures,  
I take of you,  
With my eyes,  
Let's start going out,  
You, you, you.  
X.  
I can't explain  
The waves,  
It's a frequency,  
It's a guitar,  
strung out,  
and junkies,  
or just us.  
Just us.  
Just us.  
Novel Three

We are in a trance kind of mood. We always find a way to make it happen. It's like, electronic music. It's like anticipation. It's like every song, has a resonance, a wavelength a frequency. Now I am with you, and I let it all go. I am with you, and there is a lyric that is the way in which we should see more day. I think it has to do with the form, of Marxism and lyricism that gets us all into the moment. It's like I can't stop, my heart from beating a skip. I am a skipped heart beat. I am the moment, the moment. With you. And that's how the delicate sound was interpreted. It stands between now and then, now and the next moment. It stands anticipating this.

I am in the shower. I am having a bath. It's after a few drinks. The best feeling ever. I am then meeting you, late in the night at a place with an air conditioner. They're playing Koestler's music. We are ecstatic, as Heidegger would say. We are this music. We are, we are, forever, forevermore.

And then again. And again, it seems so fresh. The way we cycle to meet. It seems so alive, this moment. I feel so alive, I used to listen to you say. And it's like, the world is all that is that matters. And it goes off again. I am leaping into the garden, where we sit and talk about ideologies and communism. I am in the garden. The garden is ours. It's then the water tank, where we have to make the night memorable. It's a park where we smoked some grass. It's all leaves of grass. I am then intoxicated. And we are stumbling into the park.

On another night we are at the water tank. So beautiful so nice, so wonderful. It's all about this, this this this. I am in love with the night and you. You felt that magic night, and it's Tombes Oubliees. It means something like life and death. It's having a near life experience. It's like the moment on its edge. Here I close my words, with another novel. This novel is life affirming. It's spreading its symphony to the people who read this. Will you dance with me? And we danced, and we danced, and we danced.

\*

Epiphanies, hidden within these hands. I am holding your beer. I am then drinking. I am electrified, by the night and your presence within this room. We are at a rock concert. It ended and I was on top of terrace, and it was cold, my neck was hurt with all the headbanging. And then I listened to the night, and it was cold and it was coffee that I saved. And we all sang, and sang all night. And I thought perhaps that's what life is about. It is all Koestler's music, and Tombes Oubliees. And we are now in the middle of a long night. It's going on like an adventure. We are, not going into this night. Without pushing, and shoving in a mosh pit. Which I was in, and then I met her, my first best friend, a girl name Elie. I then went all over the place, I then met Dia, and she lit up my life. It was like this every night. And in some sense Ar is the same. They're both artists. They both love their drinks, and its all night night night.

I am your anticipation. I am your night. I am your autumn night. And I am the highway. I am the distance between us, reduced to this reflection. Reduced to a perfect form. It is all phenomenological reduction. I am listening to your voice, in a ferris wheel. I am kissing you there. I am all these nights added up to this night. Let love tell us, what so there is searching, for here. I am a drink, at night, in the college festivals, where we met, and ran away because the police was around. The police is a song I was listening to. It's not beauty unless it is felt. It's oooh, in this song. I am in your presence, finally.

This is how it rocks. This is our punk rock. These skinny fists have hit the antennae. These rockers are now drunk. We are without doubt, let's push under our fan. Let's be who we want to be for one night, afterall, it's about the party isn't it. Listening to you in the late evening. You were walking by. And pushing me off. I was about to kiss you. Let's love, push the senses. Let us light up, the way you are, the way we behave. I was about to kiss you, that evening. I am the one, who first felt, the truest love from you.

\*

I am under the sky. We are singing Bob Dylan's songs. It is then time for the night bus. We are off to the planetarium. We understand constellations of stars in the night sky. We want to watch youth films. And then get alone, and have our kiss. We are always in the way, on a bike, in a car, you are busy with some political kaam. I am with you, staring directly at you. I am a political friend, but closer. I am then with you, let it all come down. Oooh. I am singing in the night, it's both of us, a beer, and a comrade or friend. We are letting it loose.

I am with you. In this form the delicate sound comes alive. It's all about our music. Lou Reed. Let it push, under our fan. Let's perceive. Let's push on till the end. And it's not going to end. They tell me we are doctors. We are not the old philosophers. We read a bit of Gilles Deleuze and it is all a kind of mantra in India. We are not old, we are new. We have to learn to perceive again. We have to push it to the end. And then some say love lasts forever. So why can't we suggest that we live forever? Perhaps its forever young, perhaps its true. The music incants the rain. Do you know what it feels like in the rain in India? It's monsoon, it's the freshest wave. You are cycling in the Ridge and I am seeing you there. It's as if you were there.

I say to you, let's follow the stars. Let love tell us. It's time we're searching. And then it all collapses into meaning. We find meaning in work. But we find more meaning in the parties, or in the political party we found you talking in. I am fida. I am your lover. But then there is anticipation, and it's all about the love for life. And I think, it's time I get into a lecture with you.

Take A, point B, it's a line, the line can be extended, parallelism crosses, we are as infinite as the speculation on money that we have. Invest, make it big in capitalism they say. Fuck that, we're infinite. I'll make you some music, I'll make some cinema for you, and then it is all about, how to put the right bet. I think I'm earning money soon, so you got a fast car, I've got a ticket to get us out of here. But it's all the same frequency, wavelength, and waves crash, the car crashed when we sang. It was all the same story. Bolano wrote, that a ship is on a line, it waves and crashes. It's us he was talking about and then the jazz of it is that we're sailing, okay and then there is Christmas music to live for, and all the melodies, and all the carols, come together, like Beatles' Come Together, right now. And so a fusion, of melody, complications, which is another Koestler song in fact, Glycerine, that then crashes like an accident into pure infinity. That is the accident, changing life forever, into a melody that is like rock music. And so we continue, because rock music will never die. And so we will never die.

\*

I am, in the night. And it's raining music. I am rocking it out. We're far away from each other again. It seems like, we have nothing to do about the old times. I am speaking to you about a language we learnt. It's a bit of Gilles Deleuze. He is saying things like our lives are in a virtual intensity. It's like melodies that we're rocking out to. And so there is a sort of logic to the way in which virtual music, and moods and melodies all intersect to form a book. It is like we cannot live with just smoking cigarettes and drinking alcohol, unless we make it literary. Like May was saying back in the days. We need to go for the ideas, we need to make it to the artistic level of sophistication of Ernest Hemingway or like this book seems to be a kind of Raymond Carver. I know you wanted to read Carver for that college application and then we fell with Faulkner. Now there is one problem. We're in India rocking out to America. Is that a logic?

I propose this answer. When there was that Jhumpa Lahiri film and book, The Namesake. It's a bit like that. We're in an American culture, we listen to grunge while growing up, so we get like Namesaked into America,

but then we get more Indian. It's the same wavelength, the same talk. It's two cultures in the same way from different points. So let's listen to America. Is there an America in the beats? Yes. So that's relevant. A word. That's what it's called. A word, and it's relevant. So I see that we're doing well but distant again. So let's make it work again. Phone calls all day. And if possible a video call. It takes its time, three words we have spoken.

\*

Okay. So I've prepared. I'm leaving for the flight. It's a love song, I felt when for a moment we broke up. It's all the hours we spend apart. It's something I want you to listen to. It's love in the end, okay. Listen and it's like fieldnotes to our love. If you wanted to know how I spent the years apart, alone, it was like this. But in a metaphor, I was waiting for you. And it was about those years, that I find in these years, though we're together and it works in a virtual way now. Getting the drama. This is what I would say if we were not together, if we broke up, and its waves as well like we talked about. But essentially I think it's a love song if you read it.

Glycerine

It must be your skin I'm sinkin' in  
It must be for real, 'cause now I can feel  
And I didn't mind, it's not my kind  
Not my time to wonder why  
Everything gone white, everything's gray  
Now you're here, now you're away  
I don't want this, remember that  
I'll never forget, where you're at  
Don't let the days go by  
Glycerine, glycerine  
I'm never alone, I'm alone all the time  
Are you at one, or do you lie?  
We live in a wheel, where everyone steals  
But when we rise, it's like strawberry fields  
If I treated you bad, you'd bruise my face  
Couldn't love you more  
You've got a beautiful taste  
Don't let the days go by  
Could have been easier on you  
I couldn't change, though I wanted to  
Should have been easier by three  
Our old friend fear, and you, and me  
Glycerine, glycerine  
Don't let the days go by, glycerine  
Don't let the days go by  
Glycerine, oh glycerine  
Glycerine, oh glycerine  
Bad moon whine again  
Bad moon whine again  
As she falls around me  
I needed you more, we wanted us less  
Could not kiss, just regress  
It might just be clear, simple, and plain  
That's just fine, that's just one of my names  
Don't let the days go by  
Could've been easier on you, you, you  
Glycerine, glycerine  
Glycerine, glycerine  
Oh, my glycerine

*Time and Its Curve Last Part, which is French Insurrection in also Tonalism (After Years I, II and Part I with Theatre, the Final Part)*

*By Shomit Sirohi*

*I. Fragmentation – Philosophical Detour to Blue Notebooks*

*The critical investigation of language, encounters the French surrealism of a man who is bearded, a few in fact, black, one Arab, who then is a finally in the mirror, a phenomenology which then is the bricolage, of water, the Rue, which then is also a magisterial construction, of one art, which is then in surreal imagery a four part novel, which criticises the German aspects towards in fact the pure flow, of French language, in the production of l'espace which then is spliced into this metaphysical exercise called language itself which frees a man if he is in meditation of the pure flow, of in fact rivers, and hills, and ravines then as historical studies on a book also, which is then small steps on a door step which is sitting in the middle of the process of walking as a wait for a bus which shifts back to the intellectual montage, as in fact Marx's lesser arguments which meant an intellectual affinity in fact for what*



is called the fragments on machines, as also a process of science, education, but more interested then in the masterpiece of German arguments translating Marx then into a formalistic daily life of living capital as a impure argument within the immanent which broke into a general insurrection - L'Commune Paris.

I meant that in fact Leon Trotsky and Lenin met twice in the long instance of French fragmentation meant to be then in a long lyric with Ilaan and Belano also a awakening in the mornings of Ireland which had some resonance to the sense of memories, daily life, subjective heights of race as consciousness, in fact political consciousness which then is immanent to radicalism which the recent Walter, is in fact engaging with the black Walter, who is then a historian which is related to that Benjamin who is in fact Walter which also means 'Walther' which then is water, but also washing the face, and drying the face, which is busy tactically orienting language to philosophy in Marx - that language is in fact, a philosopher argues articulating as he argues a speech, aesthetics then, a matter of the withering left which though is thriving in books, selling to one man, Ilaan who realised that in fact aesthetics is our future we will not live in artistic representations - that was the past for Hegel.

We cannot die, in artistic renditions, of the production of space. That intellection was experimental it freed, us all, that intellection, which was mediated by genius in a man who was walking home to Madrid, which though is in America, as we all denounce the Spanish art of arrogance, towards our own construction - French insurrection, which is as as Leion was in fact into his football stadium and is busy racing at infinite speed to dribble through four players easily and basketball is in fact Argentine insurrection, sheer speed, the black man is flying. In American idealism I am flying, I am making it to common life as infinite exercise as they argue - lesser notes on Architecture, and Hegel, Marx, a new name, spandrels, constructions full of divine Parsi life, what is this production, our own material a line and horizontal bizarre sketches overdetermined spandrels of the most divine Jewish libraries, which then materialise in this novel as exercise - a lesser argument which is higher, and higher than I meant, which is sheer arrogance in one material element called sports at one point geometry by the great Heidegger was also called 'Urdenstander' the movement of understanding while walking perhaps which then articulates the hand to a gesture, which Marxists call this long obscurantism which I picked up as Aesthetik, or better l'aesthetique.

## II. Mezrav

In fact an epistle is built on the small steps. I am in fact living epistle, the law is just even on meeting, it is just just, like jurisprudence on life - that I was awaiting and cancellation was in fact Priest and Pope in a confrontation, which was then Jewish acts, and even life's limited failure is proved in Prophecy which then produces a line of every point in life which becomes the Ilaan choice of Kabbalah which is simple faith, just following a epistle which is mediated by Hills. I argue then what is life, and its tragic possibility, that I might argue is just in faith, which juxtaposes Cornel with Alain talking in equal justice about the process the more dense more process of German literature in the French language, in Soviet paraphrasing of its subtext, a man in a taxi going to a cathedral he felt as Incontinence lived today, which then pours out the Poemic method of Marx in fact as long poems in mathematics of Capital which is in turn inlined as subtext, with not themes this time not a Ulysses either but its German formalisms which is all of aesthetics which also means a poem walks and that is all by Spectres we learn from Alenette who is surprised on philosophy in a car and many people in cars one day finally owning a car is impossible in life which becomes engineering, a Jewish man argues when he meets him in Florence, which was in fact lesser in the logic than in fact the highest heights of in fact walking poor in St. Matthew who discovered the bylanes.

In fact the long spandrels the achievement of the masses, the sexuality of in fact heights in love.

## III. Sex

*I meant it was lyric and pronouncement, even absolute love, which then forces into humour and happiness which is the arrogant woman and her happiness performed also in poems which meant at one level a long juxtaposition of the Latin American Belano and Borges, who then prefer the elliptical approach to this long meditation on politics, walking around, insurrection as a language art which then becomes dogmatism, conviction, faith and epistle but is contrasted with its opposite now, in fact dialectical opposite in perhaps Wittgenstein which is lesser than in fact the heights – do not meditate unmathematically, all of this is mathematics, that is what he meant, he meant poems are mathematical and in fact the heights of life is the realisation of mathematics in life which then has in turn a woman ties her hair, another woman ties up her body skirt and shirt and long skirts unfolding in Mascara which she is in bead dress. Indianism pronounces its freest sex. Now in fact arts pronounce fashion points cutting across like in fact a art called Greek metaphysics but then another choice the French Lautremaunt or even the Idealist Communism, which is in fact the old days of Alexandra and Rosa who are simple clappers on the sexual Lazic which becomes in fact more agitation on the matter of feminist lives which is then axiom and produces the clap the movement of communism.*

*IV. French, German and Now True History  
A Meditation on Soviet Union, the Prophetic years, followed by death, and this was tragedy. Black lives were spent meditating on this fate, our fate is possible, but higher. I meant though in fact a tragedy – played like music. It was then youth misspent for the American long run into life saving acts. I meant also that in fact tragedy is poetic justice. Trotsky is walking Incontinence.*

*V. Long Argumentation in Speech Format Trotsky and Lenin Addressing the Indian Revolution  
In fact the movement of lyric is then pronounced, as lighter, we are lightness we are in fact juxtaposed to jazz performance ballet in an old art called the Burrakata which then is finally the movement of revelation as women in their renditions are tribal arts of dancing afterall which becomes from my formal judgement – the heights.*

*In spear, I announce that in fact the Illiad is smoked. I am inspirational to you. Lenin pronounces axiom, definition and postulate – each life guided, each mathematics judged, each line sung, each hanging praised, and then of course laughter, that I was alive that very day, which was a long period in hospital, support liberalism not tragedy support our fate – Communism.*

*VI. A Long Philosophical Composition in Jazz Tonalism  
Breathe, and smoke and then reveries – criss cross this with our map of Coltrane. I call this modern surrealism.*

*Parte II  
Some of the most gripping—and most beautiful—passages of Weiss's and then pasted into Belano and Borges for some speculative turns, the novel appear in detailed examinations of classic paintings by Delacroix, Goya, Brueghel, Géricault, Munch and others why not then Picasso and even in fact Malevich and the standards of Pissarro an architectural fact in fact which is now preparing an encounter somewhere else which is its informalism broken by Jewish acts, and their bearing on contemporary struggles.... Weiss's project has another, deeper aim than advancing the socialist revolution, namely to give voice to fascism's victims, and to preserve the memory of their lives and example—hence the archival nature of his work, with its painstaking attention to the names of fallen comrades.*

*Who then articulate their lightness.  
Having come through the long period of wars, defeated the French, and banished Napoleon to Saint Helena, Great Britain—having received almost all of the colonies they had sought—could afford upon the installation of Louis XVIII to grant France that semi-arid, steppe-covered promontory in the far west of Africa. With access to the natural resources of the south from their base at the Cape of Good Hope and in possession of the fertile banks of the Gambia River and the port of Bathurst, the English furthermore had reserved the*

right to run the trade in rubber together with the French and to secure it with their own forts and transshipment points. On board the flagship Medusa as it steered through the Bay of Biscay were the governor and other functionaries who were to administer France's new crown colony, several engineers, land surveyors, and settlers, five doctors and two pharmacists for the hospital, a portion of the officers. I was referring to the process of current migration as in fact a long lost process of many women in ships.

Can one believe that women tour African coasts again, as trafficked then to France, back then to in fact America and one day in Brazil. This process is confusing - called to be lost in translation - one day in Japan.

So at least thirty men must have drowned or stayed behind on board the Medusa. In Battleship Potemkin by Eisenstein also L'Eduarde de painter and even Le'Strike and other short films on Capital there is everything from agrarianism to in fact the modern process of living life in a creative house conversation which then meticulously critiques the lack of acts in creative directions of Communism - why fear the Arab or actually Communist revolutionary spirit why not be creative as experimental and insurrectional Why not. The thought of this embarkation, among the roaring and pummeling, while the waves shattered the bulwark and the mast stumps of the overturned frigate, climbing down on rope ladders, on rigging, the cries for help of those who had fallen into the sea, the distorted mouths, the eyes drawn wide with fear, hands straining up and splayed out, the effort of pushing the raft off against the slick side of the ship, the moment when the governor, sitting in an armchair, was winched down into the head boat, such impressions had absorbed the painter before he was overwhelmed by the image of the fully laden raft. It was towed along by the smallest and least seaworthy vessels, and when the oarsmen saw that the boats of the governor and captain were trailing off into the distance, they soon gave up towing and let go of the ropes, themselves battling against the worsening seas. While the flotilla headed for the shore, the raft, unable to be maneuvered, was carried out to sea by the tidal currents. Those gathered together on the raft still did not want to believe they had been abandoned. The coast was visible, as was the island of Arguin with the ruins of the old Portuguese fort; the castaways assumed that the boats would return for them, or that the Echo, Loire, and Argus would spot them. But night fell, and they had still not received help. Powerful swells swept over us - this then is intellectual montage.

The expectation of a greeting, a welcome, a sign of solidarity had evaporated, there was no Popular Front here, only the gendarmerie received us, the only place we belonged was in the police archives; henceforth we were to report to the prefecture daily and hold out to be stamped the scrap of paper that signified our existence. I had always seen my path in front of me, made my decisions, even back then, deep in the underground and surrounded by fascism, I had been able to see a way out; only here, in the capital of openness, of enlightenment, were we forced into blindness. On the first evening in Paris we had been suddenly overwhelmed by our sense of estrangement from one another. With the dissolution of our alliance, our natural sense of belonging together had also evaporated; a powerlessness had befallen us with the realization that our ranks had been broken up, that we had been made useless. Only the question of which party we belonged to, or intended to join, contained the suggestion of a continued permanence. Until now I had found my purpose on the side that I was fighting for; now I was confronted with the realization that this spontaneous community was only possible so long as I was among friends and allies, and that this natural cooperation had to be replaced by a binding commitment. At a point in time when the illegal, conspiratorial work in cadres demanded the strictest confinement, it was necessary to join the organized collective; it was only here that it seemed possible to demonstrate our reliability. Yet such a step had been made more difficult by the decentralization of the Party; I didn't even know which group, which country I was responsible for. The only task now had to be that of rebuilding

and strengthening the Party, and I was ready to follow the directives that I would again be receiving. At the same time though, I was drawn to the park gates behind the bridge, watched over by sphinxes, and an immense thirst for knowledge grew within me. I leaned on the stone railing, barges with bunting of colorful pieces of laundry trailed along beneath me; today, when there was a need for the most precise orientation in external reality, today, while the city was holding its breath, awaiting the decisive moves and blows of the protagonists in the diplomatic spectacle, I wanted to head over to the poplars on the upper bank, to that arsenal of images. The thought of being accepted into the Party coalesced with the desire for limitless discoveries; I could already see myself standing before those painted surfaces, see my encounter with Géricault, Delacroix, Courbet, Millet; I wanted to head into the closed organization, into uncompromising struggle, and at the same time, into the absolute freedom of the imagination. Surmounting Pont Royal, I envisioned the path into the Party and the path to art as something singular, something indivisible; political judgment, relentlessness in the face of the enemy, the power of the imagination, all of this came together to form a unity. As I passed the sphinxes, the last line of defense was broken. Here and there in the grounds with the crisscrossing gravel paths someone was walking their dog on a leash. Egyptians and Assyrians, Druids and Gauls, Romans and Goths had been hauled in, beaten into stone, cast in ore, to honor the princes on their warhorses; everywhere guards and rulers loomed, waving their swords and lances, and poets, philosophers, and artists swiveled on their pedestals, passing me along through their arms. No sooner had I leaned back on a bench than silver-gray women appeared before me like ghosts, in long robes, and chased me away with outstretched hands. I had time to ask myself what this actually was, this city, where did it draw its essence, its strength, with which it continuously exerted its influence upon me. It had always been my wish to come to this city, and now that I was here, scarcely tolerated, among the lowest of the low, the task was to not allow it to force me onto my knees. Faced with its buildings and streets, I had to assert myself, in this powerful conglomeration which received its life from all those people who lived within it or had done, I had to look for relationships that could give my consciousness something to hold on to. The architecture and avenues drew the wanderer into their expansiveness, and the light, reflecting off the water and the sandy yellow hues of the walls of the buildings, did its bit to transport them to a realm of levity and devotion. Looking through the central arch of the gate in the forecourt of the Louvre, in honor of the victory and made of rose marble, the obelisk on Place de la Concorde and the large memorial to the Napoleonic armies at the end of the Champs-Élysées formed a straight line. This perspective, fringed by the gentle green of the rows of trees, drew the gaze into a flight to infinity, running from the symbol of one military triumph to the other, containing all the efforts at attaining absolute power, its format—accommodating the breadth of troops on the march and opening a vista onto unruly masses—was intended to lift our emotions and allow us to perceive the Sistine Chapel opened up in one room which a man went into in his past and realised he was now there as Lincoln jokes, transformed into grand proportions, as a form of beauty. Considering how tearing down the old districts was supposed to hamper the building of barricades, create a clear field of fire, I saw Paris under the spell of its rulers, saw at all strategic points the mountains of wealth towering over the closed-off quarters of the tradespeople, the petite bourgeoisie, and the workers. But it wasn't this pattern that gave the city its appearance; the sense of being here, of the presence of all these buildings was instead evoked by the knowledge of the events that, all around, coming from below, had been set in motion again and again, the movements of outrage, of insurgency, which brought their own violence, their own power to fruition. Every building bore a more palpable trace of such actions than of the obligations that had been issued by the dynasties, and if to the nameless masses, who in the alleys had stacked up the stones into barricades, I added those who

had entered into the life of the city with their artworks. The structure of the Social Democratic Party, with its executive committee members in Prague and London, had become just as faceless and formless as the French and Spanish socialist parties. It only remained tangible in its craven commitment to the interests of capital. If the Communist Party appeared more amorphous still, it was out of the need for camouflage, the continuation of the struggle in the underground; at the same time, though, for all the emphasis it placed on the efforts to form a united front, it was riven by internal strife. A general mobilization in Czechoslovakia was to be expected; swastika flags, which had been hoisted in Bohemian cities, in actual fact a meticulous history of women as prostitutes all over Europe actually the problem, were taken down; weapons were Communist flags in China going up. Insurrectional signs.

#### Parte Five

I recalled a remark of Hodann's concerning the rivalry between Ackermann and Merker, Münzenberg and Wehner, and between them and the group around Ulbricht. Officially, Thälmann, who was in a German prison, was still the leader of the Party. Rosa allowed this you feel, we call this common people who insurrect - her lines were so aleatory. Once Schehr, who was acting as his proxy, had been murdered, Pieck took over the leadership. Murdered in a manner of speaking. The young Politburo candidate Wehner was not just interested in enjoying their support but also in proving his independence from the Soviet Party, to whom Pieck was beholden. It might have been the case that the conflicts now taking place, which had ensnared the remaining members of the Central Committee—Dahlem, Florin, Dengel, Abusch, and Eisler—and aspirants to leadership posts, such as Mewis, Kowalski, and Knöchel, were brought about by the continually intensifying fear of being found wanting in the eyes of the supreme arbiters of the Party and being liquidated, just as their comrades Remmele, Flieg, Neumann, Kippenberger, and Eberlein had been.

Foundation of a Popular Front for the exclusive interests of their own party. It was less his statements than the tone in which they were delivered that left me unsettled; Hodann's intolerance in the face of errors that had been committed, of poor decisions, was all too familiar to me for me to be able to view it as an ideological deviation, but it now seemed to me that he was no longer willing to defend the Party as he had been earlier, despite all the difficulties that had arisen. His critique was characterized by a sense of disappointment and demoralization, betraying an anxious, conflictual relationship. Rosa was aleatory flags everywhere, this was of course before the Nazis. This is her long premature attempts as we call it, a number of light strikes which become mass strikes. The discussion subjected me once again to the conflict of double loyalty, yet on that evening I ascribed his agitation primarily to nerves in anticipation of his departure for Norway. I refrained from referring to the opinions that he had once divulged to me on the trip between Albacete and Denia, according to which every hint of a feeling of dislocation robbed us of some of our strength to act. In switching countries, he had said, we must always preserve the continuity of our political stance. Revolution in Russia, said Ström, we appealed for the constitution of a popular socialist party. It was the mention of the names—of the rightwing Social Democrats who were still leading the Party today and assuming government positions, and of the leftists who with few exceptions had rejoined the Social Democrats—which made the political continuity evident to me, as well as the contradiction between the widespread will for renewal, which, half a year before the October Revolution, brought about an internationalist party seeking a transition to Communism, and the Party founders' gradual renunciation of their work. But the investigation of their behavior had to be excavated from material that consisted of many layers. Tracing the symptoms and tendencies that seemed to point to the reasons for their deviation, we ran into contradictions that threatened to compromise our whole project. The conversation between Ström and Brecht also initially provided insights into the mechanisms of writing. In

*picking up on conflicting themes, in the abrupt shifts in perspectives, the following of contradictory impulses, the continual openness to new suggestions, I recognized something of Brecht's working technique. He listed a mass of authors whose books he had used as material for the novel. After producing excerpts, he said, the writing followed almost automatically, in a kind of montage.*

*Last Section - French Surrealism*

*In fact all of this is philosophy to meditate on the women enter feel the sexual need and take of their clothes this then is filmed according to a woman but was theatre. All the sex is an avant-garde film, the process is extensive writing in images which then is re-played - we call it not television this time. But film tuning. I call it tune it, like a film watch the film - and black power is a surreal mass art in the sense of in fact its arguments Lincoln demands for real determinate gestures to the new Irving crowd.*

Faith By Shomit Sirohi I. Elevators, Lifts, an Apartment I am walking into a car, with a suit, and in fact organising the papers in the car's deck. I make it to a French apartment. I am in fact taking an elevator. I then rise up, and reach the room. I ring the bell. A woman is listening to music, and I walk in, to see her glance. II. At class, in a Cathedral I am sensing the Cathedral, this is 1900. I am then in fact in colonial laws, monarchism. I sense the aspect of the choir, I am in fact in a swimming pool recently, we are all part of history - the black man in a forest with trees, running and ready with a pistol, many people running, and in fact there is also a protest in the plantation, a number of labouring black people who are working against that white man. III. At a Ship, 1900 I am in a ship, and water is where I get off. Black people are all in fact meeting me. IV. At a New York Kiosk, Smoking and Drinking a Rum with Coke In fact I am writing a letter, in the future I am busy working in a office room with light, I have a beard and am then reflecting on the process of meditation, which then is the man now and earlier, I was living a span of 100 years. V. Complex Italics Women are dressing up in their class room tenement dressing, which in modern times becomes about a man who is flooring them and having sex which then is a white woman, brown woman and black woman which is all at a party which then is organised in a light Paulinian cover of senses which then is actually sex in conversation which then is how another woman is talking about French laws, and a black woman is busy conversing on her absolute love for a speculative conversation. VI. Lifts I am in fact up in the lift, and walking again to a hotel room. A Jewish man named Isiah meets with Isikiel, and their parents. I am in a cheap room in Delhi. Where in fact I enter. Part II The process entered a passage. Passegework in fact. It is 1902. I am invited to America in recent times, and we are following the same passage in what I call central square. It is actually in 1902, I was busy conceiving of a woman and her Achilleian parallel movement like a drug user all of them dancing, okay the same then in 2020 later, and black women, brown women and white women are following the art of Passegework. I am in fact seeing them walk in opposite directions after a small Argentine joke. That architecture is in fact an art of perception and is also a philosophical reflection. I am an art of sculpting, I walk close to Islamic women and portray the swing. In fact I meant that colonialism as I know it is a process of this liberation which though is spiritual in travel ideology called American Idealism. I am supposed to travel women breathe spiritual life in a ship as black intellectuals in fact join them with white men who are steering around the free ship. It's idea was an orrey that was simple. The sense of water is in fact clear in the direction of their long journey. I In many ways in fact women meet me in 1904, Aldo Raine is a young man who is with only his one friend Jamal Wallace. We met for a brief discussion on a bet - Prussian state violence and then freedom. I will write a novel, and you will live forever. Which I know, is simply this process. It is spiritual to meet you. Women are all in Tehran, waiting at the hills of Damascan type. I am in an old car and interviewing Derrida and Said. We split at the hills, the women are all doing Il-Iliza. A long walk through it and the Pope is announcing a night stay and then the morning, lightness. I am busy waiting in a small car in old Tehran in 1902. The busy workers are going car here, that long history which is in fact a sedimentation of they argue a car engineer who is a Prophet. Some such story on why they follow it as that type of proletarian Quran. That is all this is it, the old car and roads, that is Quran, the whole thesis then. With we might add Christian influence. The whole of Tehran is this. II. So, the nature of things then is a process again of the man walking up to you, and asking you out. It is not done easily, and so often, I call this a pursuit. I also mean of happiness. I mean this simple truth becomes a metaphysical truth if in fact one is philosophical. I mean incontinence of then the vide, is a simple process of merging the philosophy with the life and being a dense man. I mean also then in 1902, I was with him raising his hands over her on her shoulder. In manners we understood the black intellectual Cornel West says, that in fact white and black, even brown and in fact Japanese women and their language is then a process of liberation which is not poetic without a poet that Quran is praising like Christian. I am in fact walking an dancing around. III. In fact in fact the fragmentation of a novel, is to catch the moment of one woman expressing her life in court. Another black man in our company in Amaz, which then is in fact a cathedral. I am bricolage of Insurrection in Paris, 1892, which becomes a modern figure of Claire who is busy acting in her youth on a film set in some town actually where she is awake in fresh mornings and days in fact of following a camera. I am bricolage - know the art. IV. In the montage of a man Leon Trotsky in fact a Eisenstein montage - to be read later. V. Trade, modern trade, and in fact financial trade all this notional and in fact portfolio trade is in fact the dominant art of Europe, perhaps India as accomplished with direct changes in of course 'culture' which then is a collective object, like staircases even. I am walking up with Lincoln on his busy construction house and banking and explaining this trade I call already complex formalism - in History trade is accounted for in a book and legality and also in fact a bank somewhere which now is more articulated to America - earlier crises is then an accounting problem inherited from the Greeks, who teach best how to follow but do not follow for a simple reason - slave problems - it says freedom is trade proper. VI. Now in fact I am in 1909, I busy not following what you call 1940 onwards, in that

sense I prefer the Melanisian choir on this whole period. I am busy grasshopping in these Spanish coasts and live that life of Spiritual excess. You see that was Braudel's point. I mark history for you. First, I am in a process of motorcycle driving in in fact Soviet Union, following Muzzafar Ahmad instead in the whole process, Belano meets. He is with him, on underdeveloped colonial shipping projects everywhere. You pick this up, the shipping, what about airplanes. Belano is travelling on airplanes a lot, he is walking on a staircase. VII. I meet with Belano, Jorge Luis and with him in fact Chris and Matt, and we are with a number of poets, and walking around a Argentine library – we say in fact he is describing Cornel West's organic method, of finding books and how to be guided on each book – only the best though, which then is how to be precise for our minds, and intellect. He is praising my work with Argentine women accompanying black intellectuals, Cornel West and Malcolm X only in fact and they are all wondering if it is already happening. I am in 1904 walking in Argentinian library – it gets re-located a lot, but is based on what a lover calls library science only. VIII. In fact I am in ballet class in 2020, at Cuba. We are talking to Savon and Mohammad Ali, on how they are too violent according to me as they feel. But I feel it should be more violent and fast. That is ballet when it is violent, like the process of in 1921, chasing women on a car which was violent harassment. IX. Harassment then, French philosophers are saying is the actual process of in fact the world being harassing for the wrong reason. A true harassment is love. As Louis Althusser is busy with Cornel West walking in a room and board house with a window and articulating, our genius and it is just this spiritual life, Pope is convening in his room with a window. In Dublin of course, one had an awakening, with Fredrick. Belano is calling me on the phone and announcing a reading by Jorge on the matter of full choir reading – it is just a pure sensational reading he is giving it – in Spanish of course. Part III La persona estaba entiendo la colonialism en una tienda en su memoria que es falso, como una flirtando que es bromado, y es una poesia de este momento donde marrigia, es actualmente una broma para descripcion del sexo. La chica blanca is finalmente, tambien entiendo su performance de speculative absolutamente como la Sirohiana, que es actualmente Ilaan que es una dancadora. Part IV. In fact another spiritual experience, seeing hospitals in that graceful state in London in 1914, where I was sad about a blind man not being cured as its only crisis. I did think literature can prove that it is simple. Part V. In fact I am running, and forcing into speed bursting into language and dance and acting and even working on developments of typing and writing novels, producing a mechanical image of just typing, what if that was the art. Sometimes the metaphysics is just producing music as accompaniment which then is the excess of biography I now go to. I am finding her and him, in a process of modern jazz. In fact modern personal life. It is so personal now. This was our time, our saying, our jazz. Just the personal commitment to each other on poems. Can you believe women dancing in discotheques, and that is then shouldn't have fun, as a then bite me on this. You're breathless, such poems is then philosophy as well. Sprinklers on. I mean gardening. Just face it, it's just poetry. I can prove the prophecy – Many years, in Althusser and aleatory dancing we teach the women. An Cornel announcing the movements in philosophy her. We are also listening to music in the aleatory tradition. In fact, don't fuck with us. Don't call us tragic. Part VI. More aleatory materialism, I in fact caught a moving train. I was just sleeping through it. I am now in my room – that's aleatory. Traffic as the whole mess turned legal. My life, my life, makes me want to run away. All the confusion is an illusion. No matter, I went rich, and I was bourgeois, let's just see me moving to another room, and sex happens, we are in fact in that act. This is my recovery my comeback kid, women see me that way, it's a misrecognition, I am insurrectional actually. I call all this serious stuff. I find that stuff boring, Indian women dancing in sex. Part VII. Why is rap then the process of aleatory movements. My life, my life, it makes me in fact in a house all the time. I am just dancing, and I follow Paharganj as that life here. That's what I think he said. Mariano is proving a fucking topo-logy which is Sirohian – it is like this when you unfold his life. If you find me in a hospital, his argument is that it is also just in a high movement, some other shit on in fact our experience in history on graves, fucking entrepreneur fresh out of this sewer. I am in fact studying history of sewage and graves it is related to Harappa studies you can make and that is archaeology and critique – fuck the Greeks, we are in fact its metaphysics. I am not comprehensible, learn electricity. Belano is then dancing the Afghani process out for you to know what Sirohi really loves – dancing – he then is walking to my life it's a prophecy that this then is the life you should believe in. My life, my life, makes me want to burst into speed. Part VIII. Uhm whatcha say. That we are in fact in a full of dust poem on these books. Only trying to please myself. We pick up fighting – I know we should last forever. Do you believe, here Sirohi interviews them – and the roof caved in and the truth came out. Whatcha say. La problema esta que la chica quiere divinidad. Que la broma, que es divinidad. So I let her lick the wrapper. Like a lollipop. Que finalmente, le cuerpo es descubriendo como philosophia, esta es escultura, y la entiendo la nivel de infinidad. Una baila tambien. La ass like hers, and her jokes are that's what we feel. Like a lollipop. Despues, la infinidad de baila. Una shorty wanta thug, bottles in a club. La sexualidad de Christianos, tambien Islamicas, y Jedaisne. Shorty said that guy can't hit. Just like a refund, la chica, es una critica, la I like that. Lip lip lip. Like a lollipop. Una discussion por favor. De sewage, graves, y sex, desde Harappa, y Mohenjodaro, documentando, con los Griegos – la perspective por favor de modernidad – la alta, la excerciso de una cabeza, la hmmm I like that, yeah I like that. Call me so I can come and do it for you, call me so, on the hospital discussion of health and such lectures. Part II. Le infini este un fragmaunte de Lautremaunt et Lorca como la medicinalitie, le critique du la humanisme et revolucion este incapable amour, et la process de le arte en le encycopaedia est un topique du infini. Le expression este, que es tu genius, este tambien es infini. Que es le infini, le langue, le parole et le infini, un simple facil expression 'tu que.'

Light By Shomit Sirohi

I. Many years have passed, in a process of renditions of a period Leon Trotsky was in fact in school. A Jewish newspaper argues, that in fact language was first Hebrew on the destiny of a person called 'Prophetic'. He is in fact in a busy logic of the purest speed in a motorcycle, we were once in charge of viewing with his father who would take him across. In fact years have passed. II. A small notebook handed to him. Many people getting off trains in Germany, were the Jewish people just left, disappointed with the years. Berlin, was messy with foreigners, immigrants, even one black person who wrote the first Talmud and Jazz writing project for in

fact his meaning to the young Walter. I was then announced, that the process is in pure speed people running off on airplanes. I was caught in the sky. I was beginning to levitate in ballet. Pure, lightness. I am in fact a young black woman, who is then swimming in a pool, years, many years of swimming in Madrid. III. Honestly, what does this mean. A young man in Israel, is carrying a load of books, and newspapers, with his loaded bag of in fact images. He opens up his bag. He is in fact in a small room in the corner of the process of Talmudic meditation centers which then mean Chasidim. That in fact Jewish prophecy is about this small thing, called healthcare, which is then a book, of pure speed. I know the Hebrew language, withholds the process of in fact its own manners, that we must reveal a young man. He is born years later, speeding on a scooter. IV. I am then speed. I am running with a lot of speed. Sheer speed, I remember training in a room where I was planning for a minute. In black language then, the process of agility, athletics and human history which then records a physical agility. I am Usain. V. In history that name then goes back to years spent, in a tent. I was talking about this crisis we all have. I grew up, and became a Trotskyist. Can I write the future. I have argued yes. I do not mention, but I am about to meet a fairly Jewish crowd for university. These scenes I am calling my Quad. VI. Many years in Lenin's estimation of the process of speed he is talking about of knowing you. In a year he is busy playing golf of course in a neighbourhood park to pick up life as a simple prophecy. He means in fact let us not get into details. We are alive, life is absolute. Many philosophers join this process of running in the park. They are running to meet me. VII. In history this process of running is in fact the greatest film of the year. A black man is running he keeps running, he has made. Isaiah announces his house, he met him. Shalom. VIII. Christian prophecy, a simple Bible, what does it mean? American idealists sitting and watching a woman reach the shore of a airplane waiting with bags and advice. Ready for love. Islam, that is what it meant. To capture an expression, just be free. We are alight.

I - II, III - I - IV, Section, Trotsky - or Aldon, and such articulations. Periodise.

Introduction A man is constant - he is in a running way catching a bus and then decides to follow a point based narrative of the whole work and develop themes, and writings and jottings which then is the Kabbalistic complexity of the word thematics and informalism he is following in newspaper format and realises he is a genius. The development of the work is Praxis - put politics in command, but do not forget - Art is higher insurrection - Trotsky. I. 1905 - 1917 - Leon Trotsky who is Insurrectional in Europe with the Soviet Revolution The development of footage and a lot of motorcycle and car drives across Spain at times, with a long road in Iran curving back to Cuba which develops into a line of travelling by train in Soviet Union being called Russia at the time and forms of insurrectional protest in south Yugoslavia which then becomes a development of mass lines in China with Mao Zedong developing travelling peasants to Shanghai and forms of committees setting up worker's control and worker's councils in Sovietised Russia finally meets October revolution in Russia now Soviet Union, all of this was finally a number of travelling histories and writing histories which also meant the movement of women in large mass assemblies and even developments of small footage in cameras, of Trotsky walking in a road and raising his hand to meet the workers and talking to them in his suit and even mobilizing a mass agitation in South Moscow I was lecturing on radio - 40 years later with the CPSU all over Eastern Europe, "Cinematographic Principles of Incubist Ontology", this talk was about the movement of bodies, atomism and swerve, the divine dance of a woman in Progress which then is Video Installation and Ilana - all of this then is forcing - that love is more divine than one thought - imagine a cathedral - where Claire first found Piagen's paintings. Sitting here alone, in peace With my private sadness Bared of the acquirements Of the mind's eye Vision reversed, upended, Seeing only the holdings Inside the walls of me, Feeling the roots that bind me, To this mere human tree Thrashing to free myself, Knowing the success Of these burstings Shall be measured By the fury Of the fall To eternal peace Split ears of morning earth green now, Love and death twisted in tree arms, Come love, throw out your nipple to the teeth of a passing clown. Spit olive pits at my Lorca, Give Harlem's king one spoon, At four in the never noon. Scoop out the croaker eyes of rose flavored Gypsies Singing García, In lost Spain's Darkened noon. The development of in fact the sets of batches of files then develops the computer typing which has photographic footage which shows the journalistic office which then has its dictation and notes, and a number of roads with cars follow Ilaan who is busy smoking which becomes a being-in-the world which then then is the process of following ballets and even dances in the room with women crying out love and leaving for months without seeing him, promise as it is called, or the fine balance and even the weight of things which then cuts to William Decara In fact the development of the small process of writing in computer rooms in Mumbai then meant a lot of talking in Marine Drive where Ambedkar was in fact choice talking as it is called in India on the financial times which was developing as in fact many people were at the stock market in Dalal Street quoting him for the law as Hegelesiana was in fact with Merkiana in the process of Israel formation in spiritual forms and a lot of working class protests spread across India and Detroit as Slavei and Alenete all walking up and down with Cuban party talking about the Soviet crisis which had several footage films of a man, still Ilaan working on newspapers and Urdu and Arabic, even Farsi scripts which called Hebrew newspapers in them to develop a synthesis of what was being called "Hebrewaisne" the random taking of cars, and charging speeds in all roads of the world, a number of winding roads in Sevilla where the militants were in "talking cure" with psychoanalysts and joking heavily on the crisis being actually a film deprived economics. Which then was Coren and his wife walking in Berkeley who is reading and writing film scripts in his room. And a number of black women who are with earings and long Burqa skirts and writing a process of film and magazine images of in fact white and Indian women who are modelling in small clothes and long skirts and even forms of Lehnga and sari clothing which then overlaps with the mysticism of it all - why believe in revolution in the sense of humanism . The women were all in a small room and dressing in Torah regulation and swinging and even talking about cycling in the university which then was also smoking and doing cannabis drugs and drinking all day, which then had Ilaan and Belano walking to the hills and coming back in car both ways which was the number of trucks and buses in their discussions on poetry which created the logic among women to find themselves in a bed and undressed to the minimal of clothing and talking with Ilaan alone when in fact the poorest are so poor = Iranian women are all dressed in formal clothing and crying out love and Lorcan singing and dancing and swering and talking to each other on staircases and we are called Gods, which means



also distraught and abandoned by Allah who becomes a poem and Jewish spiritual heights is then smoking and writing – developing a process and all this is finally Firaq. Sitting here alone, in peace With my private sadness Bared of the acquirements Of the mind's eye Vision reversed, upended, Seeing only the holdings Inside the walls of me, Feeling the roots that bind me, To this mere human tree Thrashing to free myself, Knowing the success Of these burstings Shall be measured By the fury Of the fall To eternal peace Split ears of morning earth green now, Love and death twisted in tree arms, Come love, throw out your nipple to the teeth of a passing clown. Spit olive pits at my Lorca, Give Harlem's king one spoon, At four in the never noon. Scoop out the croaker eyes of rose flavored Gypsies Singing Garcia, In lost Spain's Darkened noon. where he climbed up a staircase and entered a band and met Lenin and talked to him off stage and was raising a film show protest with a number of women Alexandra and Rosa in fact who were busy in Madrid with Ilaan having sex and talking about his permanent insurrection line postponed by 100 years, which did have one event though was a ruptural Cultural Revolution in China about surrealist writings and worker agitation fused with in fact Feminist photographic modelling in Japan and even in Latin America among the white women and black women who were dancing in small rooms and wearing small skirts and t-shirts. II. Madrid, 1917 There Lesar, as the Hebrew men were announcing to the crowd which was dispersed outside looking for Tetuan where they were in fact brushing around the money in small developments of batches and wallets spinning a thousand Euros each point called Pesos, an were twenty women and twenty eight men, who in one world were small developments of a price, called wage, which for them was lightness. They were all in small earrings, talking on the phone, and speaking about dancing in close-ups of in fact, Irana, who was thin and in a white top which was grey, and a black woman who as divine in cutting the film, to a small set of thumbnails, which had Ilaan smoking and her talking to him with the 28 women and men all discussing in a party ensemble, the nature of things, such as the bowl which was Messianic in Arabic. In the process of reading in his small hotel room, with a major staircase and elevators and lifts which were iron and wrought iron constructions which bound a woman to her man, as Angelina-te was saying to Yorca and even Le Mara-zi, and Zorala with in fact infinite mascara which was also a Mariane's process of developing small items of make-up which had also perfume bottles in pure Christian light which then smelled like what was being sung as Lavender Haze-no precisa which meant as people walked in and left in formal negation and measures of the fine balance which was turbulence in relationships and love which was in fact with Ilaan, who then formally invited them for a drink and conversation on the pure meaning of speed. 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I was lecturing on radio, "Cinematographic Principles of Incubist Ontology", this talk was about the movement of bodies, atomism and swerve, the divine dance of a woman in Progress which then is Video Installation and Ilaan – all of this then is forcing – that love is more divine than one thought – imagine a cathedral – where Claire first found Piagen's paintings. 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At a Small Hotel in Paris, 1939 In fact many years later, many women were also at Paris, where Ilaan and Belano, were talking about the long history of infra-realism. I was lecturing on radio, "Cinematographic Principles of Incubist Ontology", this talk was about the movement of bodies, atomism and swerve, the divine

dance of a woman in Progress which then is Video Installation and Ilana - all of this then is forcing - that love is more divine than one thought - imagine a cathedral - where Claire first found Piagen's paintings. 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Lima, Ulises was young and poetic and driving a car with mothers who were strict about discipline and chanting abuses in random Spanish, Hindi and Urdu on the type of Quran developing in this Iranian Prophetic speech being given in Parisian outskirts with Pope watching the nude Christian images of Ilaan as a joke of the process he calls Vaticanist. Jewish Zionists Isiana and Isifiran, Stefano Pippa and Mariz Zorni and even Gershoma and the Rabbi, were busy taking photographs of Jewish memories in Paris as the development of Israel planned for 70 years in fact and walking in Jewish suits in winter that was so cold, the women were sounding sleepy to them. "on the gray shadow of the darkened city in lost photographs of other sad visions, ferrying images of transient ecstasies, pains, private sadnesses, hid in smoky towers, secret pockets in clandestine nations. what? pushed into hungry mouths of crowded buildings retains its form, reason is too unreliable, memory screwed into hoped-for visions, desire, twisted beyond recognition, detected in echoed sound. shouting crossviews from worn cliffs, dug down in the wake of violent earthworms, blinded in refracted corkscrew glares, from coppery phantom silhouettes of fake existence, pinned into air, stuck in time. " IV. 32 Years Later - Aldon and Jemar, with Malone and Michelitte - All In A Car with CIA Then of course the 1970s which was a lot of women disappearing into their world which is the roads, being covered in the world with all these American militants, sometimes in Baltimore, sometimes on a cell phone or mobile phone talking in Newark, and perhaps wandering in summer of April, in Tehran which then was connected by computer to in fact Iowa in Ohio and even a lot of black people, Coren and Semantha, even white European philosophers, Slavei and Alenete all walking up and down with Cuban party talking about the Soviet crisis which had several footage films of a man, still Ilaan working on newspapers and Urdu and Arabic, even Farsi scripts which called Hebrew newspapers in them to develop a synthesis of what was being called "Hebrewaisne" the random taking of cars, and charging speeds in all roads of the world, a number of winding roads in Sevilla where the militants were in "talking cure" with psychoanalysts and joking heavily on the crisis being actually a film deprived economics. V. 1971 - Delicate Sound and Formal Photos of a New Cinema in Berlin In fact the development of shots of people walking, and driving. And a lot of developing processes of large protests and even shipping prostitution which arched over the whole of European coasts and developed a process in the Arab world of women's trafficking. I was lecturing on radio, ."Cinematographic Principles of Incubist Ontology", this talk was about the movement of bodies, atomism and swerve, the divine dance of a woman in Progress which then is Video Installation and Ilana - all of this then is forcing - that love is more divine than one thought - imagine a cathedral - where Claire first found Piagen's paintings. The development of in fact the sets of batches of files then develops the computer typing which has photographic footage which shows the journalistic office which then has its dictation and notes, and a number of roads with cars follow

Ilaan who is busy smoking which becomes a being-in-the world which then then is the process of following ballets and even dances in the room with women crying out love and leaving for months without seeing him, promise as it is called, or the fine balance and even the weight of things which then cuts to William Decara. 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Which in Latin America were roads in which Eduardina and Belano were talkin on a stylish deck and music cassette recording of "Te-la and Tele" which was a radio and music show about Spanish mobs and women's peasant fronts and even large film-sound of voices and shoe-gaze developments of what they were calling with Lima walking around in some small cabin in New York talking to professors about financial heights in America and poverty of black people all around. on the gray shadow of the darkened city in lost photographs of other sad visions, Fade in. Changing pattern of colored lights like futuristic Christmas display, but with women in old warehouse type advertisements with rolling leaves in old senses and even bluish Panasonic glass-room houses with an alternating sense of pinkish-grey senses of women walking in rooms in projections which are also black sense-logics of women there in stages talking to butterfly catching-screen concentric circles superimposed. It fills screen like an abstract but constantly fluctuating graphic. Then we see three people unblinkingly scrutinizing it, holding clipboards and making notes." ferrying images of transient ecstasies, pains, private sadnesses, hid in smoky towers, secret pockets in clandestine nations. what? pushed into hungry mouths of crowded buildings retains its form, reason is too unreliable, memory screwed into hoped-for visions, desire, twisted beyond recognition, detected in echoed sound. shouting crossviews from worn cliffs, dug down in the wake of violent earthworms, blinded in refracted corkscrew glares, from coppery phantom silhouettes of fake existence, pinned into air, stuck in time. " Fade In. In a small hotel room which then has Godardian images of women and men who are dancing and talking in the jive sense of the 1960s Sartrea process which though is the 2020s in India which has also images of Cuba, Algeria and China and black America which then is Hollywood which produces a poem syntax of in fact women preparing their hair on a montage, or some women smoking cigarettes which is the realism of the cannabis, and in fact becomes an image of cigarette stylistics which then becomes gun and poetry revolver talking as encounter foco or even in fact enounce which Ambedkar also does in jurist positions which then becomes a delightful poem cut to his meeting with Sirohi at a North Pier in Mumbai which is shooting films in history and then of course images of women who are Lautremaunt and Lorca depending on text. Fade out. Fade In A number of poems about in fact the process of a woman who is acting drag and walking with cigarettes, and women play super8 Friends out which is a set of images on Jenifera who is busy walking and talking in dialectical sideways movements which shifts to her Torah shirt and skirt which then is also her stretching her hands and posing and then Tiara is busy laughing and talking to her friends in sublime French-Canadian appearance and is wearing a Metallica simple shirt and knee longer length skirt and joking about revolution and financial capitalism which becomes images after images of poetic syntax which develops in philosophy - bracketing - a new Kantian formalism. Fade in Images of black people all in a ship to in fact Algiers from America to try out a new Trychomathean vessel film is then shot from the standpoint of Christ Gardner who is in fact busy forming a constellation of websites which are like novels which surprises black people - we are free and walking around in beaches of poems here which are about blackness. VI. In Madrid again, and then Mumbai and Delhi - 1998 - Belano talking to Ilaan, Lima in Mexico City In fact the development of the small process of writing in computer rooms in Mumbai then meant a lot of talking in Marine Drive where Ambedkar was in fact choice talking as it is called in India on the financial times which was developing as in fact many people were at the stock market

in Dalal Street quoting him for the law as Hegelesiana was in fact with Merkiana in the process of Israel formation in spiritual forms and a lot of working class protests spread across India and Detroit which then was Coren and his wife walking in Berkeley and talking on mobile phone to in fact the American philosophers, liberalisers of Hegel who just loved the whole jazz movement developing across roads again in America and Europe as in fact Chief in India was Samueliste who was in fact charge of a large process called feminine tribal movements which Communist parties were leading. Zionists were now one hundred years old or something and were busy demanding newspapers from India and reading the financial times magazine which had printed on it - 50 trillion that's what I call finance heights and Nirvana. I was lecturing on radio, "Cinematographic Principles of Incubist Ontology", this talk was about the movement of bodies, atomism and swerve, the divine dance of a woman in Progress which then is Video Installation and Ilana - all of this then is forcing - that love is more divine than one thought - imagine a cathedral - where Claire first found Piagen's paintings. The development of in fact the sets of batches of files then develops the computer typing which has photographic footage which shows the journalistic office which then has its dictation and notes, and a number of roads with cars follow Ilaan who is busy smoking which becomes a being-in-the-world which then then is the process of following ballets and even dances in the room with women crying out love and leaving for months without seeing him, promise as it is called, or the fine balance and even the weight of things which then cuts to William Decara In fact the development of the small process of writing in computer rooms in Mumbai then meant a lot of talking in Marine Drive where Ambedkar was in fact choice talking as it is called in India on the financial times which was developing as in fact many people were at the stock market in Dalal Street quoting him for the law as Hegelesiana was in fact with Merkiana in the process of Israel formation in spiritual forms and a lot of working class protests spread across India and Detroit as Slavei and Alenete all walking up and down with Cuban party talking about the Soviet crisis which had several footage films of a man, still Ilaan working on newspapers and Urdu and Arabic, even Farsi scripts which called Hebrew newspapers in them to develop a synthesis of what was being called "Hebrewaisne". The women were all in a small room and dressing in Torah regulation and swinging and even talking about cycling in the university which then was also smoking and doing cannabis drugs and drinking all day, which then had Ilaan and Belano walking to the hills and coming back in car both ways which was the number of trucks and buses in their discussions on poetry which created the logic among women to find themselves in a bed and undressed to the minimal of clothing and talking with Ilaan alone about their philosophical career and even smoking freely and dancing with him in small sets of footage developing on their sexual life and sexual clothing with psychoanalytic comments like "she is a swerve, she is absolute" which then meets the critical intellectuals who find this too creative a Bohemia and all that which was the process of developing spiritual ideas of Zhuang Zhi Buddhism which was about creative writing in philosophy which created a logica - the movement of her legs then has to be tied to the body as in fact a standing tall, or in fact a lying down and getting up which is bound by a spring and sex before and after being an act those precise moments which then creates a tale - the swing of the woman's arched back in the sense of walking up to him and bending to tie the shoe lace - also means see her bra. the random taking of cars, and charging speeds in all roads of the world, a number of winding roads in Sevilla where the militants were in "talking cure" with psychoanalysts and joking heavily on the crisis being actually a film deprived economics. Which then was Coren and his wife walking in Berkeley who is reading and writing film scripts in his room. And a number of black women who are with earrings and long Burqa skirts and writing a process of film and magazine images of in fact white and Indian women who are modelling in small clothes and long skirts and even forms of Lehnga and sari clothing which then overlaps with the mysticism of it all - why believe in revolution in the sense of humanism. 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In fact the whole process was about photographic developments of Belano walking around Parsi cafes and even forms of development of road construction in Madrid South towards Barcelona where Slavei and Alain with in fact Claire was in a car where all the women ran into Ilaan who was now a hundred and in his young beard and long hair to the afro conception which then was how the sexual chemistry was then about to hit new heights as all the women were in minimal or lesser clothing in his house in Vasant Vihar all in summer and finding it a dialectical situation that in fact at another level of the building sex was actually happening and the movements were theatrical ballet which was also long afternoon sex which was such dynamic coming and shouting that the clothes were taken off. VII. 2020 - 24, Paragraphs on History and Revolution - Trotsky and Ilaan, even Charu and Kanu Sanyal The development of mass insurrection in India finally had a number of aligned and linked developments of mass line which then produced a syntax of working class formalism, which can be seen as Ilaan waking up after sexual life and walking to the plaza and smoking heavily with Aldon and Jemar and even Michellete and Alenete and even Malone with CIA members talking in small newspaper kiosks which were printing the wrong news which created a number of constellations to Israel and working class sent there for a production of buildings which was the only trace to images of in fact revolution which were mass gatherings according to their wisdom. Which was then processes of American CIA joining the insurrection in automobiles and Mercedes and even large processes of re-structuring the whole process of companies which then billed a trillion each day into large financial transactions with literary details of women being sent to work and cafes and meetings of Ilaan and Belano in the whole mess talking about poetry and the lack of in fact Lautremaunt and Lorca in the process of revolutionary mass agitation of the poorest which then developed the process in footage films from the 1917 process which agitated with an arc which developed in the formation of Israel and the Zionists were busy hailing Ilaan and even Trotsky as permanent insurrectional forces which combined and fused into mass movements in Cuba with Che and Fidel drinking beer and shouting out Communism to the mass meeting and a number of such developments shift us back to in fact I was lecturing on radio, "Cinematographic Principles

of Incubist Ontology”, this talk was about the movement of bodies, atomism and swerve, the divine dance of a woman in Progress which then is Video Installation and Ilana – all of this then is forcing – that love is more divine than one thought – imagine a cathedral – where Claire first found Piagen’s paintings. The women were all in a small room and dressing in Torah regulation and swinging and even talking about cycling in the university which then was also smoking and doing cannabis drugs and drinking all day, which then had Ilaan and Belano walking to the hills and coming back in car both ways which was the number of trucks and buses in their discussions on poetry which created the logic among women to find themselves in a bed and undressed to the minimal of clothing and talking with Ilaan alone about their philosophical career and even smoking freely and dancing with him in small sets of footage developing on their sexual life and sexual clothing with psychoanalytic comments like “she is a swerve, she is absolute” which then meets the critical intellectuals who find this too creative a Bohemia and all that which was the process of developing spiritual ideas of Zhuang Zhi Buddhism which was about creative writing in philosophy which created a logica – the movement of her legs then has to be tied to the body as in fact a standing tall, or in fact a lying down and getting up which is bound by a spring and sex before and after being an act those precise moments which then creates a tale – the swing of the woman’s arched back in the sense of walking up to him and bending to tie the shoe lace – also means see her bra. The development of in fact the sets of batches of files then develops the computer typing which has photographic footage which shows the journalistic office which then has its dictation and notes, and a number of roads with cars follow Ilaan who is busy smoking which becomes a being-in-the world which then is the process of following ballets and even dances in the room with women crying out love and leaving for months without seeing him, promise as it is called, or the fine balance and even the weight of things which then cuts to William Decara. In fact the development of the small process of writing in computer rooms in Mumbai then meant a lot of talking in Marine Drive where Ambedkar was in fact choice talking as it is called in India on the financial times which was developing as in fact many people were at the stock market in Dalal Street quoting him for the law as Hegelesiana was in fact with Merklana in the process of Israel formation in spiritual forms and a lot of working class protests spread across India and Detroit as Slavei and Alenete all walking up and down with Cuban party talking about the Soviet crisis which had several footage films of a man, still Ilaan working on newspapers and Urdu and Arabic, even Farsi scripts which called Hebrew newspapers in them to develop a synthesis of what was being called “Hebrewaisne” the random taking of cars, and charging speeds in all roads of the world, a number of winding roads in Sevilla where the militants were in “talking cure” with psychoanalysts and joking heavily on the crisis being actually a film deprived economics. Which then was Coren and his wife walking in Berkeley who is reading and writing film scripts in his room. And a number of black women who are with earrings and long Burqa skirts and writing a process of film and magazine images of in fact white and Indian women who are modelling in small clothes and long skirts and even forms of Lehnga and sari clothing which then overlaps with the mysticism of it all – why believe in revolution in the sense of humanism . Fade in. Changing pattern of colored lights like futuristic Christmas display, but with imperfect images of a man who is walking in Jamia and it repeats in difference and repetition of his position in the beginning middle and end which is superimposed in the sense of in fact developing logics of the Quran including senses of him in a road in Kashmiri Gate and of him in a Florist sectionscreen concentric circles superimposed. It fills screen like an abstract but constantly fluctuating graphic. Then we see three people unblinkingly scrutinizing it, holding clipboards and making notes. The women were all in a small room and dressing in Torah regulation and swinging and even talking about cycling in the university which then was also smoking and doing cannabis drugs and drinking all day, which then had Ilaan and Belano walking to the hills and coming back in car both ways which was the number of trucks and buses in their discussions on poetry which created the logic among women to find themselves in a bed and undressed to the minimal of clothing and talking with Ilaan alone when in fact the poorest are so poor = Iranian women are all dressed in formal clothing and crying out love and Lorcan singing and dancing and swering and talking to each other on staircases and we are called Gods, which means also distraught and abandoned by Allah who becomes a poem and Jewish spiritual heights is then smoking and writing – developing a process and all this is finally Firaq.

Translation – A Notebook and a Run off principle of reading, even Beat literature process of on the road type plots and all that meant to be re-written into a Blow Up type detective fiction with Belano’s process of meditating in rooms in his novelistic engagements with Lima and Ilaan. he 1978 period of a murder which was increasing the complex roads which were developing in jazz clubs and black people’s imprisonment which was for a woman who was said to be killed in the Bronx but actually in the South of Buenos Aires which was a slum settlement which created a number of detectives and Brazen Allen as he was nicknamed sat and talked all night about its constellation with Corsicans in Italy which was the only crime gang which was busy making money off a connection finally in Mexico which created the exact indent. VIII. Daily Life in Communism – Metaphysical Outbursts of Love The women were all in a small room and dressing in Torah regulation and swinging and even talking about cycling in the university which then was also smoking and doing cannabis drugs and drinking all day, which then had Ilaan and Belano walking to the hills and coming back in car both ways which was the number of trucks and buses in their discussions on poetry which created the logic among women to find themselves in a bed and undressed to the minimal of clothing and talking with Ilaan alone about their philosophical career and even smoking freely and dancing with him in small sets of footage

developing on their sexual life and sexual clothing with psychoanalytic comments like “she is a swerve, she is absolute” which then meets the critical intellectuals who find this too creative a Bohemia and all that which was the process of developing spiritual ideas of Zhuang Zhi Buddhism which was about creative writing in philosophy which created a logica – the movement of her legs then has to be tied to the body as in fact a standing tall, or in fact a lying down and getting up which is bound by a spring and sex before and after being an act those precise moments which then creates a tale – the swing of the woman’s arched back in the sense of walking up to him and bending to tie the shoe lace – also means see her bra. 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Iranian women are all dressed in formal clothing and crying out love and Lorcan singing and dancing and swering and talking to each other on staircases and we are called Gods, which means also distraught and abandoned by Allah who becomes a poem and Jewish spiritual heights is then smoking and writing – developing a process and all this is finally Firaq. Sitting here alone, in peace With my private sadness Bared of the acquirements Of the mind’s eye Vision reversed, upended, Seeing only the holdings Inside the walls of me, Feeling the roots that bind me, To this mere human tree Thrashing to free myself, Knowing the success Of these burstings Shall be measured By the fury Of the fall To eternal peace Split ears of morning earth green now, Love and death twisted in tree arms, Come love, throw out your nipple to the teeth of a passing clown. Spit olive pits at my Lorca, Give Harlem’s king one spoon, At four in the never noon. Scoop out the croaker eyes of rose flavored Gypsies Singing García, In lost Spain’s Darkened noon. Fade In. In a small hotel room which then has Godardian images of women and men who are dancing and talking in the jive sense of the 1960s Sartrea process which though is the 2020s in India which has also images of Cuba, Algeria and China

and black America which then is Hollywood which produces a poem syntax of in fact women preparing their hair on a montage, or some women smoking cigarettes which is the realism of the cannabis, and in fact becomes an image of cigarette stylistics which then becomes gun and poetry revolver talking as encounter foco or even in fact enounce which Ambedkar also does in jurist positions which then becomes a delightful poem cut to his meeting with Sirohi at a North Pier in Mumbai which is shooting films in history and then of course images of women who are Lautremaunt and Lorca depending on text. Fade out. Fade In A number of poems about in fact the process of a woman who is acting drag and walking with cigarettes, and women play super8 Friends out which is a set of images on Jenifera who is busy walking and talking in dialectical sideways movements which shifts to her Torah shirt and skirt which then is also her stretching her hands and posing and then Tiara is busy laughing and talking to her friends in sublime French-Canadian appearance and is wearing a Metallica simple shirt and knee longer length skirt and joking about revolution and financial capitalism which becomes images after images of poetic syntax which develops in philosophy - bracketing - a new Kantian formalism. Epilogue Imagine many worlds and one history, imagine the title - A Fine Balance and develop all its consequences as the phrase - fix the consequent which then means a number of stories, plots and arcs and even forms of artistic innovation all of this then in different cinematic principles and economic gift exchanges which then means that the real content is many part and wholes which totalise into different totalities and stories which juxtapose and montage into narratives, short detours, a whole website in itself or a number of fashion magazines and the triumph of surrealism and realism merged in Belano's sense number of points I end with the movement of psychoanalysis walking with ruptural mass protest freedoms. I am Inara, free. Compossible worlds, even developments of women in simple America, financial women in Commerce street and all their images in syntaxes of Linux which then studies the matter as best organised as elements which then are figurative - like a syntax which has a lot of sequences imagine the L juxtaposition of a movement in Inara with women who are dying in love with Sirohi this then is Spanish Faulkner - to imagine the novel then in a semiotic coded S-Z Balzac then by Roland Barthes is to study all its codes and semiotic codes imagine that the image above then is like a dialectical image in stillstand which then has the code - America which then totalises into an L movemet which decodes as Claire, Idea - which develops its organisation as an element of forcing into pure infinity - Incontience then is images - also therefore real life - that German Idealism of simple infinity as simple guess work on what it means to be Infinity.